THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

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LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE NEW PAPER AT LIVERPOOL.

We beg our readers to take notice, relative to the Hand-bill stitched in our present number, concerning the LIVERPOOL MERCANTILE ADVERTISER, that it is no longer published daily, but three times a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and which, from its increasing sale, and the liberal patronage it has experienced from commercial men, is found to answer the conveniences of trade much better than when it was a daily print.

A. B. and several other favours, are received, and shall appear in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sartorius pinx.

Scott Sculp.

The Death.

Pub. Jan. 31. 1804, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

THE DEATH;

OR,

DEATH OF THE FOX.

An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Design of the Younger Sartorius.

THIS being the last of the set of Engravings on the subject of Fox-hunting, uniformly produced by the above-named artists, we have only, in conclusion, to observe that the plates, in their progress of publication, have been highly approved.

THE KING's BUCK HOUNDS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

BY the fertile fabrications in some of the daily prints, it would appear to your sporting friends that we have happily enjoyed good chases this season, with the stag hounds in Windsor Forest; but whether some ignorant and illiterate boobies, who are attendants to any part of the retinue, are in the pay of such papers, or whether from a disposition to the *cacoëthes scribendi*, it is to humbug the credulous of the metropolis (who affect to believe every paragraph in print a fact) I do not presume to decide; although I can with strict truth assure you we have not had a single chase since the commencement of the season, in respect to speed and distance, superior to the brilliancies of a common hare hunt. We have had, it is true, an uncommon display of views, heads, turns, doubles, baying, and soiling, but not a burst of sufficient duration to set even a half-bred horse a blowing; in fact, not a deer of the whole has been above two or three miles from the place of his turning out, and not more than one has been taken above five or six miles from home. So much for those dreadful "marchings and counter marchings," thus sportingly described in those literary delineators of exaggerated imagination, that very little reliance is to be made upon representations so unauthentically obtruded upon the public expectation. Whether the deer are sympathetically affected by the political state of the country, and are determined to wait for the much wished for (but not expected) arrival of the Corsican Tyrant, before

fore they run, it is not possible to ascertain; but certain it is, if they do not display a greater desire to cross the country in the latter, than they have in the former part of the season, there will be but little to introduce in addition to the number of capital chases annually recorded in your most excellent miscellany. When we emerge from our present apathy, you shall certainly hear again from your friend,

FACT.

Starting Post, Ascot Heath,
Queen's Birth Day.

MAD FOXES.

FROM Switzerland they write that the *Pays de Vaud* is infested with *renardes enrages*, mad foxes, that approach the houses of the inhabitants in open day, and attack both man and beast. One man only had been bitten when the last accounts were received, on the 21st ult. Some of these foxes being dissected, by order of the government, all the symptoms of the hydrophobia were observed; and, to obtain the most indubitable evidence of the state of these animals, two that were taken alive had some dogs and a pig confined with them. The result of this experiment, the animals being lacerated, seems to have left no doubt in the minds of the Council of Health, as to the real state of these animals, as an order, dated December 22, was immediately issued in the districts of Morsee and Coslany, where the greatest number of these foxes had made their appearance. The order enjoins the people not to eat any hares, from the probability of their being likewise affected. The innkeepers also are forbidden the furnishing of their tables with that dish.

GRAND ROWING MATCH.

IT has long been doubted, by the amateurs of rowing, whether the London or Gravesend watermen were the best men.—A few weeks ago, Major Warrington, having been rowed by a party of the latter from Gravesend to Sheerness in a very short space of time, had frequently mentioned the circumstance, and offered to match six of them against the same number of watermen, wherever they might be found. Captain Durand matched six of the London watermen against them, for two hundred guineas a side; and Tuesday the 24th instant was the day fixed for the decision. As it was supposed that the Gravesend men excelled in rough, and the London in smooth water, to equalize the matter, the distance was divided accordingly; and it was agreed that the parties should start at a boat moored off Captain Durand's wharf, near Rotherhithe, and row round the Nore Light, and back to the same place; a distance of not less than one hundred and four miles.

The six London watermen set off on Saturday the 21st to Gravesend, that they might have time to practise beforehand, in the water that they had not been accustomed to. They were conveyed thither in Captain Durand's yacht, on board of which were her owner, his son, and Major Warrington. It was then agreed that the wager should be deferred until the last day of the month, when the six London watermen should row against the same number of Gravesend men round the Nore Light and back to Cuckold's Point, for two hundred guineas; and each boat was to provide itself with a steersman.

A second wager was also made, that the same persons were to row the

the same distance over again without a steersman.

Whilst Captain Durand was at Gravesend, he matched his yacht to sail with the Fox Gravesend boat, from Ramsgate round the Isle of Wight and back, for two hundred guineas. No time is fixed for the performance of this wager.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

THE long-contested Rowing Match is to commence at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning the 31st instant, from off Tilbury Fort, to go round the Nore Light, and return to a boat anchored off Mr. Durand's wharf, at Rotherhithe. The following are the contending parties—

HECTOR, OF LONDON.

James Masterman, Coxswain.

James Howell,	Isaac Wood,
John Sheppard,	Charles Westwood,
Edward Brumwell,	Allen Griffin.

ECLIPSE BOAT, OF GRAVESEND.

Anthony Fothergill, Coxswain.

John Harrison,	Thomas Dye,
Abraham Thomas,	William Turner,
William Osborn,	James Wilkinson.

The match is to be for two hundred guineas, play or pay; but very large sums of money are besides depending. The bets are even, and the odds will be regulated totally by the state of the weather at the time of starting. Should it prove blowing weather, the odds will be in favour of the Gravesend men—if moderate, the London watermen will be the favourites. The parties are all stout and athletic picked men, and the contest is expected to be sharp and severe in the extreme. The London watermen are well known on the River below bridge, and have rowed repeatedly for prizes against each other. The Gravesend watermen have made a sure bargain, as they are to receive four guineas each man should they prove unsuccessful; but, if victorious, they trust to Major Warrington's liberality. The sporting gentlemen were apprehensive that the boats might be stopped below Gravesend by the Regulating Captain of that place, as usual, to examine them, and thereby cause an interruption to the race: to prevent any such circumstance taking place, Captain Durand has procured an order from the Custom-house to the Regulating Captain, requiring him to suffer the boats, on this occasion, to pass to the Nore without molestation. On Sunday morning, the London watermen will sail on board Captain Durand's yacht from Rotherhithe to Gravesend, where they will practise previous to the day of contest.

The above match not taking place until the last of the month, it will be impossible for us to give an account of the issue in our present number.

COURSING.

THE dispute about the intended Coursing Match, at Audley End, in Essex, which went off on a misunderstanding between the parties, respecting the fitness of the weather, on Tuesday the 3d inst. is referred to the Jockey Club. Captain Watkins produced his friend Mr. Durand's Surrey greyhounds on that day. Mr. J. Wright sent down his Essex dogs that day week, conceiving, if the sport should be prevented on the day named, by the frosty weather, that the next open Tuesday would of course be the day of meeting; and of

of this Captain Watkins is said to have been previously informed.—The frost beginning only to break on the Monday, no sportsman could have thought of running greyhounds in a champaign country on the next day. Mr. Wright has since proposed to run the matches on any future day, which has been declined by Captain Watkins, who, it is said, claims forfeit on all the matches, though upon what reasonable ground remains to be shown.

Mr. Shuckburgh's red bitch Romp, has beaten Mr. Durand's celebrated black bitch Needle. They ran three courses at Audley End, a few days since, and in the last, Romp went away from her opponent by the most decisive superiority of racing and bottom.

CURIOUS HORSE RACE.

A WAGER, betwixt Captains Prescott and Tucker, of the 5th Light Dragoons, was determined on Friday the 20th instant, by a single horse-race, which we learn is denominated *steeple hunting*. The race was run from Chapel-houses, on the west turnpike, to the Cow-gate, Newcastle; a distance of about three miles, in a direct line across the country, which Captain T. gained by near a quarter of a mile.

The mode of running such races is not to deviate more than fifteen yards from the direct line to the object in view, notwithstanding any impediments the riders may meet with, such as hedges, ditches, &c. the leading horse has the choice of road to the extent of the limits, and the other cannot go over the same ground; but, still preserving those limits, must chuse another road for himself.

VETERINARY AUTHORSHIP.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE remarks in your last number, under the head "Veterinary Criticism," demand the thanks of your judicious and observant readers. There is certainly no practice prevalent standing more in need of exposure and reproach, than the fashionable obtrusion of old books with new titles, to the pecuniary repentance of numbers who become the dupes of their own credulity. There is most probably no subject which has afforded so many openings for this kind of literary depredation, as the boasted improvement of Farriery within a few years past only. For the rapid success of the original reformer having afforded him a progressive celebrity, that excited a spirit of emulation in the infinity of his imitators, they have almost all dwindled into obscurity, by attempting to ascend a summit, which they, from a certain degree of mental imbecility, have experimentally found it impossible to attain.

In these attempts to surprise the public with an excess of novelty, a superiority of science, and a profusion of professional jargon, without a particle of experimental practice, it can excite no admiration, that so many of these announced prodigies fell to the ground in a few hours after their birth, and are so very soon buried in an irretrievable oblivion. Of these a long list might be enumerated; but as a description could only tend to agitate and irritate the feelings of the unlucky and disappointed individuals, who lost their time in such fruitless compilations, which might have

have been dedicated to a much more useful and profitable purpose, it is only necessary to observe, it should seem, by the unprecedented increase of veterinary surgeons, veterinary druggists, and veterinary writers, copiests, and compilers, that an infectious *furor* has broken out, and been collaterally transmitted to every part of the kingdom. In fact, the veterinary *mania* has been so truly fertile in its communication, that with ability or without, veterinary writers and practitioners are to be found equal in number to the shadows of the half-starved sons of Galen, Hippocrates, and Esculapius, in every city, town, and village, from one extremity of the island to the other.

Gentlemen, you, as general observers, are adequate to the task of deciding, whether a good well-bred rustic, from the plough-tail of his father, can be so improved, so refined, and so sublimed, by the phosphoric flame of any College, as to become a directing constellation of literary magnitude, and that in less than twelve months after the day of initiation. There can be no doubt but a few months strict attention may acquire a tolerable conception of the anatomical structure of the frame, and the functions of its component parts; but it is not to be readily believed, that so great a proficiency in the properties of medicine, and their effects upon the animal economy, can be obtained in so short a time only as is bestowed upon the education of those who have for the last few years been vomited upon the world as veterinary prodigies of the most unprecedented perfection. And what is still more extraordinary, these are the very adventurers who, for want of practical knowledge, are even deficient in ability for the common practice of the profession, and yet, stimulated by an imaginary and deceptive notion of their own excellence, endeavour to acquire celebrity by commencing authorship. But the speculative idea of raising themselves upon the merits of those who have gone before them, is so frequently abortive, that the majority of such professional plagiarists, have progressively glided into oblivion with their own works.

Not wishing to obtrude too much upon either your room or your attention, it must suffice to remark, that your sporting province, as well as the veterinary science, seems to be attacked at all points by literary adventurers of every description. For many years we had no other sporting information than what was derived from the Sporting Magazine and Racing Calendar; since which we are loaded with Rural Sports, a Sporting Dictionary, and report promises a Sporting Tour, said to be now in the press, from the pen of a northern Colonel, of so much hawking, hunting, shooting, and coursing celebrity, that his name is unnecessary till it comes before the public upon the title-page of the work. Interim, I beg to be believed your invariable friend, and constant reader,

IMPARTIALIS.

Jan. 20, 1804.

SINGULAR WARFARE IN THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA.

WE learn by a Danish ship, which arrived at the island of St. Helena early in September, and which left Batavia the latter end of June, that a very serious commotion

commotion had taken place in the interior of Sumatra, between two high Chiefs, whose pretensions to certain points were strenuously maintained by them both. The consequence has been, that a warfare of a singular nature has taken place, without any advantage on either side. Women, and children of a tolerable age, partake in this sanguinary conflict.

Their method of fighting is with arrows, of a dangerous nature; the handle is about three feet in length, and a long piece of iron wood, extremely sharp, is fixed in the top. This piece of iron wood is curiously barbed, like a hook, and being poisoned, the effects are almost immediate.

The dispute has arisen from one of their Pangerans dying, leaving dollars behind him to a very considerable amount, and several hundred head of buffaloes. This property is claimed by each of the above Chiefs, who seem determined to contend the point. Wherever they go, devastation marks their way.

It is said that our government may be effectual in restoring peace; but we have no authority to assume it.

JOCKEYSHIP.

ON Thursday the 29th ult. was run, over Epsom Downs, a match, the circumstances of which are at present the first subject of conversation among the sporting circles.

About three weeks before, one of these horses was distanced by the other, and at a dinner, in consequence thereof, the owner of the losing horse, a young foreigner of large fortune, well known in Lord Derby's hunt, having got a little mellow, expressed that his horse was still the best.

An eminent stable-keeper, in the neighbourhood of Croydon, proposed a match, of 80 to 70 guineas, to be run on Thursday, the 29th of December, two miles, each carrying twelve stone, to start precisely at one o'clock P. M. and then to fix the riders. The stable-keeper fixed on the servant of a gentleman present, who was attending his master. The foreign gentleman mentioned his own groom.

Things thus stood, till two days before the match was to be run, when the foreigner received notice that his adversary had changed his mind, and fixed on a regular well-bred jockey.

Totally at a loss what to do, and giving up his match as lost, he met accidentally, on Wednesday afternoon, the day preceding the race, between three and four o'clock, a Yorkshire gentleman, well known on the turf, to whom he represented his difficulties, who instantly advised him to drive down to Newmarket, and engage Mr. Buckle. Off they went; and the next day, the hour of starting arrived, when the winners of the former match were betting ten to one they would be equally successful at the present.

When the well-bred rider was mounted cap-a-pee, in colours of the brightest hue, to snatch, as they thought, by superior horsemanship, the palm of victory from an ignoramus groom, out jumped, from a post-chaise, Buckle, ready equipped, and weighed at Epsom, who leaped on his horse in an instant, and, by dint of skill, in a few minutes, brought in the distanced horse just half a length before his former conqueror!

CUTHERSTONE.

CUTHERSTONE LODGE, BUNCOMBE COVERS, AND TAUNTON DEAN.

A Ramble to them, from Bridgewater—Account of the Grouse, or Heath-cock—Descent from the Quantic Hills, through the Villages, to Taunton—Description of that Town, its Police and Manufactures—Origin of the Name of Webb—Strictures on Party-spirit—First Copper Coins there—Eulogium on Taunton Ale, and on their Vauxhall, or Public Garden, called the Cottage—With a Climb to Cutherstone.

"Hail! liberal Town, on record standing high,
To arms you fled, when Monmouth was the cry.
Staunch to his cause, and rich in gen'rous blood,
For Liberty you strove, and public good.
Till Kirk, for biggot James, uprear'd the fatal tree,
And Tone, with native gore, flow'd crimson to the sea."

QUITTING my inn at Bridgewater, I resolved for a morning's ramble farther to the west: and learning from some sporting gentlemen over night, of the heights of Cutherstone, and the covers of Buncombe, I took my way through the villages that lead to Minehead, till these objects were full in sight before me. Having obtained the summit of the highest of the Quantics, an aged peasant that seemed almost aborigine with the soil, was the only creature I could perceive fashioned for information. I made towards him, and we presently entered into conversation about the covers below, and what kind of game frequented them: among others, he told me of the grouse, or heath cock; and, that near the latter end of March, they came in numbers from the Welch side; that they were more easy to approach then, than at any other time; and if the season was open in the beginning of April, the cock-birds would plume themselves in the sun, and crow one against the other with all the familiarity of domestic fowls. At this time, he said, the hen-birds, invited by the crow of the cock, or impelled by the call of nature, mounted to these heights; remaining with the males, only till they were sufficiently impregnated, and then suddenly disappeared to lay their eggs, and incubate in places impervious to the foot of man: nor are they seen again, till the same necessity directs them to these heights and covers. The male birds now become exceedingly shy, and are but seldom seen; nor do they recover their flesh and sweetness of flavour, till about the middle of August; when the sportsmen who frequent these parts, find them in the best order. With that month, they entirely quit the place, and are sometimes to be found about the Welch hills, or on vast tracts of unfrequented common land; such as the sedgemoors, or the plains of Sarum, but never two together, except the hen-bird and her chicks; and these so very much upon the look-out, that they are only to be come at by stratagem.

Thus much I drew from the old shepherd, and turning out of the high-way, went to visit the Lodge of Cutherstone, a circular building, rising from the centre of the highest of all the Quantic hills, appearing for more than twenty miles round, the most prominent feature in the face of this delightful country.

To what purpose Cutherstone Lodge was erected, is not even at this day clearly understood; but, the best informed assert, to remain a land-mark for those navigators, who seek the eastern shores of the Bristol Channel. Some affirm, the proprietor

proprietor of the land—a considerable sportsman, no doubt—raised the Lodge, merely as a shelter for such gentlemen as might frequent the hills in the sporting season: and this is by no means improbable, when we consider its distant situation from the villages; but ask in Taunton, and they will tell you, it was erected for no other purpose than to terminate a seven miles prospect from their main street, from whence it has a very pleasing effect. So much have I thought proper to communicate respecting this celebrated castle in the air, as it is called by many; and which, like the stone of Magnus, had power to draw me to its foundation. I found it without a door, and the time being midsummer, about a dozen horses and near fifty sheep, were sheltered from the beams of the mid-day sun: there was besides, hanging on wooden pegs, an old useless fowling piece, and near twenty pairs of bucks horns; but not the smallest appearance of its having been at any time a human habitation. The prospects however are charming, and I am sure no gentleman who travels for geographical information, or what is called a bird's eye view of nature, will think his time mispent, in a visit to Cutherstone.

From these delightful heights, I descended through Buncombe, Kingston, and Norton; and, passing the river Tone, entered the brilliant borough of Taunton Dean.

Taunton, so called, from the river Tone on which it stands, is a borough town of great beauty and antiquity, distant about 148 miles from the capital, and particularly lively on account of the great influx of travellers, from all parts of England and Ireland. The shops are in many places elegant, no where mean, and its manufactures inimitable; the people well-affected to strangers, generous, hospitable, humane, and polite.

Here is a market every Wednesday and Saturday, replete with all the comforts, and even luxuries of life; and these at a more moderate rate, than in any market I have examined in my western tour.—Mackrell I bought fresh from the sea at one penny each, pick where you please; and the finest Severn salmon, for four pence the pound; flesh and fowl, every where equally reasonable. To form the town of Taunton, are three principal or main streets, each a little on the curve, with their mid way extremities approaching to one centre, yet leaving an ample space, where stands the Town Hall, or house for conducting the concerns of the market; respecting which I shall be particularly minute, because I believe its policy deserves to be imitated, by every great town in Britain. Before the north front of the hall, is a capacious area or open surface, surrounded with posts and chains; the pavement is so contrived, that immediately after a shower, no water can lodge to offend. On the proper day, the clerk of the market at the ringing of a bell, causes the shambles to be brought out of the house, and in twenty minutes to fashion in great uniformity, a commodious mart for the borough; the stalls or shambles before unfolded, have the appearance of chamber-screens, but when spread to their extent, they afford a foot-board, and an ample covering for the tradesman, besides every convenience to assist him in the display of his commodity; the whole together forming a little town, where the streets are at right angles. The butchers strive to outvie each other in cleanliness and in neatness, every one wearing a pair of blue sleeves to the shoulders, and a nice apron of the same, with a bib to the very chin.

chin. Taking this contrivance in any point of view, we behold a model of regularity, simplicity, and convenience. The poultry market is under the town-house, and here it is truly gratifying, to behold the farmers' daughters with their butter, eggs, and chickens, modestly recommending their dainties to the passing visitor. When I first stood to look on these young women, they put me in mind of a flock of goldfinches, busy about the harvest of full ripe thistles; or a bed of tulips, put in motion by the gentle breezes of the spring; such their beauty, neatness, and industry. What still deserves imitation, is the method the clerk takes to dissolve the market: at nine, a bell rings to give notice to pack up and retire; and those found to disobey, submit to a fine, so that the commodities unsold are presently removed, the stalls again folded and lodged in their proper place, the stones washed and swept perfectly clean, which the labourers are enabled to do by proper conduits fixed for the purpose; and before ten, there is less the appearance of a market, than of the court yard belonging to a gentleman's mansion. Not a stain of filth is left, nothing offensive remains, the reverse of which you but too often find in your London markets; all is sweetness, cleanness, stillness, and sobriety, reflecting the highest credit on the magistracy of Taunton Dean, and the disposition of its inhabitants. However, one thing is wanting, and would add much to the conveniency of those frequenters from a far distance, I mean a good clock on the town-house, with three faces, one to front each of the great approaches to this charming place of traffic. On the east side the market place, is a noble street, built by Sir Benjamin Hammet, and called after that gentleman, Hammet-street; the post-office is here, and many other things worth notice. But the most to attract our admiration, is the church of St. Mary Magdalane, the projectural adornments of which, is of a different coloured stone to that of the flat part of the building; exhibiting, after a shower, so long as the humidity remains, an appearance of crimson, seemingly heightened by a brilliant varnish. This church terminates the street, standing in its very centre, and is also remarkable for its interior capacity and ornaments.

On the south side, stands the White-hart Inn, once infamous for harbouring the devil's two delegates, Colonel Kirk, and Judge Jefferies; for it was in a room in this inn, that accursed fiend Jefferies unfolded his cruel commission, to try those who were accused of having concern in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, against his uncle James. It was here that horrid creature Kirk, together with his *lambs*—for so he called his soldiers—prepared his numerous assassinations, to gratify the vilest regal monster, that ever disgraced the pages of human history. James! Kirk! and Jefferies! are names ever to be linked together; and as they float along the stream of time, to be held by the natives of Taunton in accumulating detestation. Granger has a testimony to strengthen this assertion. "I have seen," says he, "an old woman who kept a little ale-house, and whose mother was an eye-witness to the shocking barbarities of these times, kindle into rage, and melt into pity, upon relating the catastrophe of Monmouth, and the cruelties of Jefferies. And that the Countess of Pomfret, met with many insults from the populace as she passed through Taunton, only because she was the grand-daughter of this inhuman judge." The same

resentful spirit is yet manifest, as I have frequently noticed since I have been in this place. Here is a poor devil named Joshua Otway, great grandson of the common executioner in Kirk's time, the present finisher of the criminal law in Taunton Dean. Old Otway, it seems, used a singular method in the execution of his victims; they were frequently forced by Kirk's *lambs* in great numbers, to Pen-Elm gallows, where Otway waited with his halters to receive them; seizing the unfortunate, he first made fast the cord to his neck, and then throwing the other end over the transom beam of the gibbet, instantly caught it and run up his man, uttering at the time in a grotesque and wanton way, "Wish!!!" a sound not unlike that used by a great cricketer, when he strikes in his most forcible way; having secured the rope's end, Otway took the next in turn, still making the same sort of sound, in the same wanton manner. From this conduct, he acquired the appellation of "Wish, Joshua," so long as he existed; and his descendant, for the office is hereditary, enjoys it at this moment. There is hardly an urchin school-boy to be found in Taunton, that upon meeting the hangman, does not run up to him, imitating with resentful gesticulations the drag of the rope, crying out, "Wish, Joshua." So accustomed to this is the poor fellow, that he takes it all without reply: and so impressed is every one with a remembrance of the Taunton tragedy, that not a being could be found to remedy the insult.

The principal manufactures of this town, are those of the loom; and the works of the shuttle, as they are formed here, are no where to be surpassed in all Europe. For this great good, the town of Taunton was indebted to the miseries of Zealand and Flanders from whence a number of families were forced by inundation; and one of them, consisting of fifteen persons, on the 1st day of May, 1336, set up the first weaving machine of foreign construction. The foreman of this little band was so successful, that in a few years, he retired with an ample fortune to finish his thread of life at Fairfield, in Gloucestershire. In grateful consideration of the high services he had done the realm, King Edward III. caused him by Letters Patent, to take upon him the surname of Webb, wishing for ever to commemorate the excellent webb of his looms. This man and his progeny were the first of the name of Webb in the island of Great Britain: a family, by whose exertions, more riches and credit were brought to the country than by all its conquerors, from the landing of Julius Cæsar, to that of King William, of glorious memory; and, to which the vale of Taunton Dean owes a tribute beyond human gratitude. They have a custom here, of most singular advantage to the traders, worthy the imitation of every manufacturing town in the nation.—The manor of Taunton Dean is under a register, and the land is worth twenty-three years purchase, even though it be a copy-hold; and at any time, he who has L.100 *per annum*, in Taunton manor, may go to the castle, where are kept the records, and take up L.2000 upon his lands; and upon returning the money, with *5 per cent.* for the usance, have his lands again. To this accommodation, is attributed the great prosperity of the borough, and its neighbourhood.

"O! happy Taunton Dean," says a very respectable writer, "What gentleman can do this with his free lands? they are not worth sixteen years purchase all England over; and if not put under register, may decline with rapidity."

Here

Here is an assise hall in the old castle, and near it a free grammar school; with many other noble endowments, worthy to be imitated by those who have acquired immensity in the ways of trade and commerce. But with all these advantages, I am sorry to say—

Party, that leads the vulgar to excess,
Makes foes of friends, and poisons happiness.

This party spirit has taken too deep a root in the town of Taunton. The tradesmen who used to meet in a neighbourly way at their boards of conviviality, are now divided by political sentiments. The one sort enlist under the banner of pretended loyalty, and the other are warmly influenced by a democratic spirit. A gentleman—the Rev. Mr. Toulman—the other day published a work on the importance of the Revolution effected by King William, in which are many bold allusions to present circumstances. The following is particularly reprobated by the loyalists, because tending, as they will have it, to add to the present measure of discontent—

"To the Revolution, this nation owes an hundred years of liberty and prosperity; and if we do not forget the Lord, who brought us out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage, it may prolong the blessing to an hundred more."

The fermenting spirit took fire at this, and, assembling near Mr. Toulman's study, cast large stones upon his sky-light, while he was employed there, and this to his great injury and confusion. How such conduct can be called loyalty, I am at a loss to define. If breaking houses, heads, and windows, be loyalty, it is surely the loyalty of a banditti. True loyalty, if I conceive right, is keeping the king's peace, and being perfectly conformable to his laws and his government. All beyond this is an *ignus fatuus*, to lead fools to confinement, or to judgments of a more dangerous nature.

The public prints, in an ample measure, have been the cause of this disunity of sentiment. Since the commencement of the present war, the press, managed by hired persons only, has been the grand machine for all political movement. The liberty of the press has long been a popular idea for preserving the liberty of the subject: no wonder, then, from its monopoly or licentiousness, if the press should destroy that liberty which its virtue might preserve. The axe that builds the house is the best instrument to cut it down, and the flame that rises for our comfort, rages for our destruction.

Such is my respect for Taunton, that I wish to behold this party spirit evaporate speedily; for no good can be done to any cause, where the attempt is made by unlawful violence. Every convulsion that shakes the foundations of good order is perilous, and no exertion can be commendable that has not for its motive the general good of society. But let me forbear politics: my ways are the paths of peace; in them there is no tribulation; if fortune has not paved them with riches, contentment strews them with flowers that never decay.

A spirit not unlike that I have just mentioned, has lately operated here to the total neglect of a fine hospital on Mount Pleasant, a divine situation for the valetudinarian. The foundation of this Æsculapian temple was laid by Lord North, in 1772, and finished in 1774. Here the pen must cease to flow, and carry the history of so noble an institution to no greater length.

length. I wish I could record with truth, that its apartments were finished, and that its doors were open to afford relief for pain and sickness, for old age, and for misery. But, alas! I must take a contrary direction; for I was yesterday an eye-witness of its hasty dissolution: the labourers are pulling the house down, and, I am assured, selling the materials to the best bidder. Thus, when the poor man was about to drink of the cup of comfort, icy neglect, and cold indifference, dashed it with the dregs of disappointment for ever.

The river Tone lies at the foot of the town, northward. It is a fine winding water, but narrow; however, art and necessity have made it navigable, by the help of locks, to the Parret, near Boroughbridge, from whence these rivers make one, in a rapid flow, to the Bristol Channel. Dr. Thomas Amory, a poet of this place, says—

Here fat'ning Tone, in slow meander, moves,
Loath to forsake the happy land it loves:
Forc'd to the main by Nature's laws, it bears
Back floating vessels, fraught with richest wares;
And diff'rent products, from earth's diff'rent shores,
Gather'd by commerce, in abundance pours.

Camden, speaking of Taunton, calls it one of the eyes of Somersetshire. It is in itself so fertile, that the peasantry have this proverbial saying—"With the *zun* and the *zoil* alone, this *land* is so productive that it needs no manuring."

The high conceit of Somerset's pre-eminence over other counties, you will soon learn from this persuasion—ask but a native where he was born? he will instantly reply—"Where should I be born but in Taunton Dean?" as if it were a disparagement to be born any where else in the whole world. Taunton is likewise most famous for that best of human beverage, good ale; though the author I have before quoted thus mentions the attachment of the natives to it with some regret—

Hail Taunton! thou with cheerful plenty bless'd,
Of numerous lands and thriving trade possess'd,
Whose poor might live from biting want secure,
Did not resistless ALE their hearts allure.

At Taunton, the constables of the castle assumed the privilege of coining the first copper money. I have one of the pieces before me, the date 1651. It is stamped on one side with—"T. A. U. on a Ton," a rebus expressive of the town's name; the legend, "A Taunton Farthing." On the other side, an embattled castle; the legend, "By the Constables." Over the bridge is the parish of Norton. The inhabitants claim precedency of the borough in this way—

Old Norton was a market town,
When Taunton was a furzy down.

This little folly I thought proper to remark, to shew how local attachments may get the better of liberality.

About a mile from Norton, is a pleasant retreat, called the Cottage, the Vauxhall of Taunton. It is far enough away from the bustle of business, and its accommodations particularly good. The gardens are well laid out, and full of select vegitation: the bowling-green the finest I ever saw. In an alcove on its margin I am now writing to you. The evening breezes are refreshing after a sultry day; and, to delight the eye, I have an open view to the southward of the town; and its two

two magnificent towers, as the picture terminates with a glorious setting sun, faintly throwing a dusky veil over the feet of the slow rising hills of Pickeridge. Fare well; I must to my quarters; for I have engaged with a party to go early to morrow to take with them what they call, "A Climb to Cutherstone." I shall keep my letter open to give you some account of my entertainment, which Dr. Smith assures me will be more gratifying than my Lord Mayor's shew, or a drunken bout after the consecration of military colours. Adieu.

A CLIMB TO CUTHERSTONE.

I AM just returned with a select party from an excursion our friend Bamfield has been pleased to designate a Climb to Cutherstone, because it is a slow but regular ascent for seven miles north-west of Taunton, commanding many fine prospects in South Wales, the rapid Severn, the Bristol Channel, and the fine vales of Somerset, so delighting that no description of mine can do justice to their brilliancy. One of our entertaining companions assured the rest, that an excursion to Cutherstone was a rural entertainment in high esteem with the Druids of old, who were great enemies to gross feeding and strong potations.

There were five couples of us, and we went up the mountain two and two, as the selected creatures did into the ark of Noah. We soon reached the summit, and seated ourselves on cushions of wild thyme and moss, finely wove by Nature, under the shade of a spreading oak, surrounded with the blooming furze of Buncombe. Around the body of our shelter twined a wild honeysuckle, sprinkled with its full ripe crimson berries, and an ample shew of delicious bloom. Our table was a wide flat stone, that grew full a foot out of the mountain, and our table-cloth the leaf of a prodigious large dock, of which there are many in the neighbourhood of mount Buncombe. One of our ladies measured it with her fair hand, and pronounced it to be nine fingers and a nail long, and near as much broad. Our dish was a mushroom, remarkably round, and divested of its crimson lining; for, like the Children in the Wood, we fed on blackberries. There was a charming spring at hand; and we drew lots who should be the cup-bearer to supply our rural repast; no easy task I can assure you: for had you been at a banquet given by Mab, queen of the fairies, you could not have met with any thing more whimsical; for our cup was no other than an acorn-shell, something bigger than a taylor's thimble. The fair Hebe who drew the lot was so constantly employed, that she frequently entreated the master of the ceremonies to let her resign her office in favour of a friend; a custom very rarely practised in courts, or in cities; but though this request was not complied with, the lady continued with great cheerfulness to purvey the liquid crystal. Dr. Smith assured us the water was a pure chalybeate: that his father had made an analytical revision of its component parts, and declared it a fine analeptic in all nervous affections, if not taken in too large quantities; for which purpose, he had recommended so circumscribed a draught as the contents of an acorn shell. You will perceive by our prudence, that intoxication was not likely to take place. We had music also, and in good time; for two redbreasts perched near at hand,

hand, and contended as eagerly for the mastery as two Welch minstrels for the silver harp at the Cambrian Stethway. A bullfinch flirted in, and gave a short air; when, like Madam Mara, full of conceit and consequence, he as soon flirted out again. This called up the following sonnet from the Hebe of our banquet, whose study was only to please, and to be pleased.

SONNET *.

PALE Twilight! wrapp'd in melancholy grey,
Thee I adore, and all thy shad'wy train;
Thy tears that tremble on each blossom'd spray,
Thy breezy breath, that skims along the plain,
Fanning the bosom of the weary swain,
As home he saunters at the close of day,
While the hills echo with his thoughtless strain
Of ditty old, or merry roundelay!
Where splendour gilds deceit, let pride controul—
Mine be the low-roof'd cot, and tranquil mind,
Where truth unvarnish'd, calm, and unconfin'd,
Shrinks not to scrutinize the conscious soul!
Let insects in meridian lustre shine;
The cool, the pensive hour of mental bliss be mine!

A few roving butterflies came unbidden to our table; but as we meant it a feast of reason, we drove away the companions of folly. After being as busy about our uncontaminating meal, as bees on a bed of thyme; after surveying the adjacent countries, the many winding rivers, and sporting with the precious western breezes that came to kiss our cheeks; after thus feasting, thus drinking to the sweetest minstrelsey, we as cheerfully descended: and the whole expence of our Climb to Cutherstone was only the gentle and natural exercise of our pliant limbs.

This kind of rural pastime has nothing to introduce it to polished society; but if it is without what you call taste and splendour, it has innocence, health, and peaceful simplicity to recommend it—and so farewell. T. N.

P. S. I go to Tiverton, or to Exeter; from one place or the other, you may expect to hear from me.

SPORTING VANITY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING good sense and decorum have raised very high barriers against the vanity of self-commendation, yet we frequently see a dashing fellow who will easily top 'em all. Among those who clear the fences with the greatest ease, some eminent sportsmen of the day are conspicuous enough, and have long enjoyed their proud pre-eminence. These panegyrists of their dogs and horses, no one has taken the trouble to contradict; and indeed the matter is, comparatively speaking, of so little consequence, that animadversion might easily be spared. Of what moment to the public is the information, that a celebrated fox-hound was NOT sold

* This sonnet was written by the late celebrated Mrs. Robinson, and addressed to the lady who sung it on mount Cutherstone.

for

for several hundreds? and that, when "report says," a renowned son of a most renowned greyhound was purchased at the price of fifty guineas, report was completely mistaken? The present possessor is, no doubt, happy in having a dog of such value, if of such value he be; but will never assert he gave sixpence for him.

Puffing articles appearing continually in the newspapers, and so frequently from the same quarter, have at length called forth this notice; and it is my wish that these lines may tend to reduce some sporting paragraphs within decent bounds. The excessive vanity sometimes exhibited, is indeed most laughable. Who can refrain from smiling, when he sees the three-guinea leaps of a greyhound advertised in a provincial paper, an hundred and fifty miles distant from his kennel?

You must give me room, Mr. Editor, for another remark. Where an account of any sporting transaction is volunteered, the writer should not give an *ex parte* statement. When the public is told, that the Warwickshire and Derbyshire gentlemen ran six brace of greyhounds against the Malton Club, it should have been as plainly stated, that the latter lost the odd match.

When stated, that the Club made a challenge which was refused; it would with more propriety have been said, that the challenge was readily accepted—provided the Malton members would fix any half-way place of meeting.

Let the cock crow on his own dunghill, if he chuses; but, if afraid to venture into the pit, he would have been wise in not sounding the defying clarion.

I remain, &c.

Dec. 10, 1803. W——.

ANSWER TO THE GHOST OF GLIDER.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! SHAKES.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me, through the channel of your usual impartiality, to appease "the Ghost of Glider," whose effervescence of excessive irritability is so perceptibly productive of his own disquietude; or why should a literal description of the "Royal Chase," uniformly introduced in a Sporting Dictionary, as matter of information or entertainment to the sporting world, operate so forcibly upon his dormant faculties, as to rouse him from the peaceful "silence of the grave," to vent, through your entertaining miscellany, his splenetic ebullitions against the writer, for having presumed to promulgate his own opinion upon the merits of stag hunting, without servilely condescending to submit to the *ipse dixit* of any other sportsman in the kingdom. To the eye of impartiality, it will be found, upon investigation, that, in the Dictionary upon which your new correspondent has condescended to bestow his sarcastic remarks, may be seen a large and comparative description of each distinct kind of chase; in which the difference is defined, and inferences drawn, for the superior excellence of either Hare, Fox, or Stag Hunting, as most attracting, or most applicable to the different ages, constitutions, and dispositions of those by whom they are enjoyed.

Then why should "the Ghost of Glider"

Glider" display so profuse a portion of acrimony against those who do not so implicitly become sole converts to the pleasures of his master? particularly when, from so reverend an instructor, he might have derived the applicable information, that there is "much to be said on both sides," with the fabulous inculcation of this truth also, that "vain is his attempt who strives to please ye all." It should seem, from the petulance of the Ghost's preamble, that he is affected with sympathetic sensations for the dignity of his master's literary reputation, as well as the celebrity of his "Rural Sports," or why effect his own resurrection to tell the "wondering world," his reverend master "was not in Orders when he kept his fox hounds;" or that "they were equal, if not superior, to packs upon far more extensive establishments; and such was the abundance of game, that a blank day never occurred." I feel no small concern in having been roused from a long literary apathy, to sport a few remarks upon so weak and abortive an attack; and can only presume to conceive, that, could Alexander sit once more upon the literary seat of judgment, he would again exclaim—"Burning envy, by the Gods!"

CLYTUS.

FABLE FOR TWELFTH-DAY.

ONCE, upon a high and solemn occasion, all the great Fasts and Festivals in the year presented themselves before Apollo, God of Days. Each brought an offering in his hand, as is the custom all over the East, that no man shall appear before the presence of the King empty-handed.

Shrove Tuesday was there with his pan-cakes, and Ash Wednesday with his oblation of fish. Good Friday brought the mystical bun: Christmas Day came bending underneath an intolerable load of turkies and mince-pies, his snow-white temples shaded with holly and the sacred misletoe, and singing a carrol as he advanced. Next came the Thirtieth of January, bearing a calf's head in a charger; but Apollo no sooner understood the emblematical meaning of the offering, than the stomach of the God turned sick, and, with visible indignation and abhorrence, he ordered the unfortunate day out of his presence. The contrite day returned in a little time, bearing in his hands a whig—a sort of cake well tempered and delicious:—the God, with smiles, accepted the atonement, and the happy day understood that his peace was made, he promising that he should not bring such a dish into the presence of a God again. Then came the august Fourth of June, crowned with such a crown as British Monarchs commonly wear, leading into presence the venerable Nineteenth of May. Apollo welcomed the royal pair, and placed them nearest himself; and welcomed their noble progeny, their eldest born, the accomplished Twelfth of August, with all his brave brothers and handsome sisters: only the merry First of April, who is retained in the court of Apollo as king's jester, made some mirth, by his reverend inquiries after the health of the Eighteenth of January, who, being a kept mistress, had not been deemed a proper personage to be introduced into such an assembly. Apollo, laughing, rebuked the petulance

tulance of his wit; so all was mirth and good humour at the palace: only the sorrowful Epiphany stood silent and abashed. He was poor, and had come before the king without an oblation. The God of Days perceived his confusion, and turning to the Muses, who are nine, and to the Graces, his handmaids, who are three in number, he beckoned them, and gave to them in charge to prepare a cake, of the richest and most precious ingredients. They obeyed, tempering with their sweet and delicate fingers, the spices of the East, the bread-flour of the West, with the fruits of the South, pouring over all the ices of the North. The God himself crowned the whole with talismanic figures, which contained this wondrous virtue, that whosoever ate of the cake should forthwith become Kings and Queens. Lastly, by his heralds, he invested the trembling and thankful Epiphany with the privilege of presenting this cake before the King, upon an annual festival, for ever. Now this cake is called Twelfth Cake upon earth, after the number of the virgins who fashioned the same, being nine and three.

DRAWINGS ON TWELFTH NIGHT.

AT the palace of St. Cloud, Bonaparte drew chagrin and disappointment; and, in Paris, Tallien drew to a large amount on the gambling houses, to wink at their frauds for the night

At Calais and Boulogne, the people drew several of their crazy invading craft on shore.

At Berlin, a certain Great Character drew forth a heavy sigh, for the impolitic part which he has acted since the French Revolution; and in Germany, several unfortunate Princes, and others, drew the heavy chains forged for them by the Corsican Usurper.

At Felbrig, Mr. Windham drew an eccentric and incoherent picture of the Volunteer system, while his Right Honourable Friend Colonel Pitt drew a cork, to drink to the health of the Volunteers, and a speedy swamping to the French flotilla.

In Doctor's Commons, Dr. Lawrence drew a parallel between Colonel Crauford and Alexander the Great, whose sonorous tones drew forth the consonant strains of a passing hurdy-gurdy.

At the gambling houses at the west end of the town, numberless plucked pigeons drew on their bankers, while Sir William Pulteney, in his library, was drawing numberless receipts for his Christmas rents.

In going to Windsor, their Majesties viewed the Pimlico Corps, and drew a flattering inference to their Royalty. Afterwards, the Colonel drew the corps up in a line.

At Woburn, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford drew a happy picture of domestic felicity, while his Grace's tenantry, enjoying their tankard of brown stout, drew close to the fire.

In various churches throughout the country, several new married men drew a blank, while in the city several notorious impostors drew prizes from the pockets of benevolent passengers.

In several taverns many jovial Irishmen drew a number of corks, and at Drury Lane Theatre, Cinderella drew a very full house.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT

OF A

Dog killed by swallowing a poisonous Serpent.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE merciful man is merciful to his beast; and true mercy consists in rendering our domestic and affectionate animals as happy as their situation admits.

The faithful canine race merit the sportsman's and gentleman's humane attention. On this principle, I beg leave to communicate an extraordinary instance of the death of a beautiful and affectionate young spaniel, a species of dog I have always kept, and who have always rewarded my attention by their distinguished sagacity, attachment, and fidelity.

CASE.—In the latter end of last October, 1803, and before that period, a canine disease raged, and indisposed many dogs, and some died in consequence. Many, however, were cured, by two grains of tartar emetic, dissolved in four table spoonfuls of water, giving a teaspoonful more or less, according to the age and size of the dog. If purging happened to continue, prepared chalk in their water cured many.

The spaniel mentioned was in the field adjoining my pleasant little villa at Kentish Town, near the Observatory, and was observed to attack something. On inspection, it proved to be some species of snake, or serpent, which, coiled up, defended itself against the dog; but before the young gentlemen, three of my pupils at the St. Mary-le-bonne Infirmary, could get a stick from the hedge to destroy the reptile, it had disappeared, probably hiding itself in the numerous cracks in the earth the dry summer had caused.

The circumstances were mentioned the same day, Sunday, but little attended to. About a week after, the young spaniel dog went into the field again, accompanied with a large Newfoundland dog, of the finest breed in England, who guards my house, garden, &c. The young dog was very active after birds, and traversed the ground with his usual activity and spirit.

Colonel Williams, Chevalier of the Order of Maria Theresa, who commanded the flotilla on the Rhine, &c. in the late war, was present, to whom I had given the dog to take to Vienna.

On the 2d of November, the dog was suddenly seized with strong convulsion fits, whilst I was giving some orders to the gardener. He howled, screamed, foamed at the mouth, barked violently, and seemed in great agonies. Supposing he had swallowed some leaves, herbs, or horse chesnuts, which fall in the autumnal season, or something that irritated and inflamed the stomach, he was ordered some castor oil, which operated, and discharged black fæces, but without utility. The convulsions, screams, mournful howlings, barking, foaming at the mouth, and some times vomiting, continued with little respite for near four days, until the 6th. The lamentable screams, frothing, groaning, and appearances of excruciating pains, continuing, he died in great agonies; but, when out of his fits, was sensible and very affectionate. I ordered laudanum, repeatedly, to allay the irritation, and to suffer him to die in as little pain as possible; but it produced very little or no effect. The nerves of the stomach were irritated

irritated beyond the reach of medicine. It was shocking to see the animal's misery.

As it is a family rule, never to put any animal to death, whilst there remains the least hope of preserving life, persons were hired to attend the suffering dog night and day, at the same time securing him, so that he would neither do himself nor the attendants injury.

The body of the dog was opened, according to anatomical accuracy, in my presence, on the afternoon of Sunday the 6th of November, by Mr. George Webb, one of my hospital students, at the St. Mary-le-bonne Infirmary, who before had seen the snake or serpent as represented.

APPEARANCES.—The stomach, intestines, and mesentery, were much inflamed; so that the conjecture was right, that the animal's stomach was violently inflamed, though the cause was still unknown.

The stomach itself was unusually contracted, corrugated, and apparently much thickened, and shrunk up in apparent folds.

On examining it internally was found the head, and part of the body of the serpent; who, no doubt whilst the dog was barking, at what period it is impossible to determine, had darted down his throat; and most probably fixing on the coats of the stomach, bit with redoubled rage and produced all the violent symptoms mentioned, of excruciating pain, expressed by howlings, barkings, lamentable cries, groanings, &c.

Whether there may be any history of a similar nature, I cannot say, as few regularly open the bodies of dogs; but amongst your numerous correspondents, especially sporting and country gentlemen, this extraordinary fact may merit consideration. I must observe, that the parts of the snake have been ordered to be preserved. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your's, &c.

W. ROWLEY, M.D.

Saville Row, Dec. 8, 1803.

A VICTIM TO THE GAMING TABLE RECLAIMED.

MR. EDITOR,

I WRITE from an obscure retirement where your instructive Miscellany has accidentally reached me. As my history may not be uninstructive, I proceed. Deprived, in infancy, of a father whose professional merit as a physician, yielded only to the sterling virtues of the man, I was left entirely to the management of my mother, the daughter of a tradesman rather respectable than opulent, not unjustly vain of her personal charms, and most passionately fond of the card-table. She was left in the full possession of whatever property my father and her own left behind them. With me and the world she passed for a woman of no inconsiderable opulence: and to support that appearance as well as to gratify her sovereign passion for play and parade, she lived considerably beyond her income. Under such a guide, it may be naturally supposed that I could not find my way to the shrine of prudence or rigid virtue. No, Sir. I could support my part in the circle of slander or at the card-table, before I could regularly subtract my stake from my winnings, or my losses from the former. Yet I was admired, at least in my mother's presence, for my cleverness.

Having

Having but few ideas, they were the more strongly impressed on my mind, and the more quickly and precisely managed in conversation. Nothing tended to undeceive me in the delusive vanity which the flattery of my mother's whist and supper friends, and her own loquacious partiality inspired, but the manifest superiority that the dullest of my class-fellows had over me at school. That chagrin however was but transitory, for my master was too lazy to chide me; and as I was a day-boy, I soon forgot it every evening in my conscious cleverness at the card table, where my mother would often say she indulged me merely that, like the young Duke of B. I should know how to guard my fortune from black-legs, though, poor woman! as it afterwards came out, she had not then above seven hundred pounds in the world. But she had every year four or five shares in the lottery, and was confident it would make her fortune at last.

In this manner was I educated till I had entered my fourteenth year, at which time I began to be painfully sensible of my mother's foibles, and to lose that respect for her, which I had till then entertained. We both now thought it high time for me to go to some boarding-school at a distance from my native town: and I accordingly did so. Here I became the chum and favourite of the assistant who was evidently a man that had known better days. He took a pleasure in instructing me, and I in learning from so accomplished and affectionate a teacher. My improvement was rapid for two years, and would soon have qualified me for the university, had not my kind instructor fortunately made a young lady of the town, who had a fortune of ten thousand pounds, so sensible of his deserts, that she clandestinely married him. The envious and illiberal comments made by the schoolmaster's wife and daughters, on this event of which I knew my friend to be highly deserving, called from my indiscreet zeal such asperity of retort, as incensed them against me. It wanted but a few weeks of the approaching vacation, which I past in sullen reserve, and took my leave of school for ever.

I had passed three tedious weeks at my mother's, when I was agreeably surprised one morning by a visit from Mr. F. my late friend and instructor. He had heard of my angry defence of him at school, and, after thanking me, begged to know my designs and future prospects in life. This investigation, which had never before seriously engaged my youthful mind, led partly to the discovery of my mother's circumstances: but the painful disappointment it occasioned, was not of long duration; for the generous F. told me he had been in treaty for an ensigncy for me on very eligible terms. It was true, he said, that he thought my mother could very well afford to be the purchaser: but as that was not the case, he would stand in her place, and be a parent to me on that and every future occasion. To be brief, Mr. Editor, I had not been seventeen months in the army, when this active friend procured me a lieutenancy.

With a tolerable person, good spirits, accommodating manners, and a turn for economy, I stood very well with the world in general. I had now and then a visit or letter from my esteemed benefactor, and had the pleasure of hearing that my mother had at last the good sense, before she was reduced to absolute beggary, to lay by the fine lady, and go to live as housekeeper, with a worthy clergyman who had long known her.

Thither I took the earliest opportunity

portunity of going to see her, partly with a view to convince her how much more estimable she was in my eyes in the useful state of a menial, than in the beggarly affectation of the gentlewoman, which she had for many months before been ridiculously struggling to keep up. I was kindly received by the clergyman, and a young lady his niece, who had lately lost her widowed mother, and was now come to reside with her uncle. Without describing the progress of a mutual affection between us, let it suffice that it soon had existence; was disclosed to our approving friends, and likely to be crowned by our solemn union, as soon as I could obtain a second leave of absence. My regiment happened then, through the alarm or policy of administration, to be quartered in the vicinity of the capital, in which I had never yet passed three days. My spirits were elated at the near prospect of felicity with my Harriet; every object was new to me in London, and my conductor a young nobleman of one of the first families in the kingdom. But whither, alas! did he conduct me? To the fanes of debauchery, to dens of destruction. From the play we turned into a house under the Piazzas of Covent Garden, where the lively but abhorrent ideas of the immortal Fenelon, relative to Cyprus, were more than realised. To my undebauched but inexperienced mind, it bore the appearance of enchantment. Poetry and fable never gave more attraction and fascinating power to the syren or sorceress than I perceived among the beautiful prostitutes at S.'s. My noble companion, though not past his twentieth year, was deeply versed in the impure mysteries of this Cyprian shrine, and introduced me to one of its priestesses. She seemed not unanxious to make me a proselyte, and somewhat piqued that her charms, seconded by music, wine, and dancing, still found me averse from any closer intercourse. *Nemo repente fit turpissimus.* One short evening was not sufficient to bereave me of my native modesty, and the guardian idea of my Harriet.

From the lures of the smiling courtesan, to the adjoining gaming-room, was a transition from bad to worse. Yet, from my early habit of card-playing, I felt less horror there than in the dancing-room. I looked on, and thought my knowledge of play superior to that of most of the company. I, however, touched neither card nor die for that night. From Covent Garden, my friend, another brother officer, and myself, adjourned to Pall Mall, where I soon was taught to consider S.'s at the former place, only as one of the devil's chapel's of ease. P.'s and N.'s were his sumptuous temples. There my astonished eye was dazzled, yet fixed, by heaps of gold, that seemed to say, "Win me and wear me." I panted for an opportunity of appropriating some of those splendid tempters to purposes of pleasure and ornament, which my former system of economy would never soar to. We retired to our lodgings about six o'clock in the morning. I could think of nothing but the Faro Table's magic centre, and longed for the next evening, when I was determined to enter the path which has led so many to infamy, beggary, or suicide. I began with some caution, and for some time had reason to be satisfied with my success. It enabled me, in truth, to live as expensively as any of my acquaintance. I made golden calculations of my future good fortune, as I improved in skill. My manuals were treatises on gaming and chances: and, without

out vanity, I may say that there was not a man that frequented a gaming-house in London, that understood the doctrine on which they rested, more scientifically than myself. But I unfortunately left out of my calculation, the immense disparity of the two resisting powers—my purse with *fifty* guineas, and the Faro Bank with a *hundred thousand*. It was like battering a citadel with a feather. Yet it was ruin only that opened my eyes on this truism at last.

Good meats, good cookery, and good wines, given *gratis* and *plentifully*, at those houses, draw many to them at first for the sake of society alone. Among them I chanced one evening to see a clerical prig, who was incumbent of a parish adjoining that in which my mother lived. He was partial to my Harriet, and envied and hated me of course as a successful rival. He therefore wrote an anonymous letter to her uncle, which gave the highest and most malicious colouring to the dissipation in which I lived. In a few evenings after this, I happened to yield to the importunities of a friend, who had bespoke a private Hop at S.'s, and also undertook to provide his guests with partners. He is one of those goodnatured coxcombs who spend their fortune on the most stylish women of the town, and whose greatest ambition it is to be known to have an extensive acquaintance among them. The partner he chose for me would be an ornament to a palace. I became her captive for the evening, and then left her, intoxicated with wine and pleasure, to go to the haunts of ruin and enterprising avarice at Pall Mall. I played high, and lost in proportion. I rose next day with an aching head and heart, and found two letters on my table—one from Harriet, the other from my mother. The former chid me gently for my late silence, and intimated her fears that the seducements of the capital had made me forget her. The other letter was an angry comment on the tender complaint of my mistress. It stated with some shade of truth, the wicked and dangerous course I had fallen into, and still in her old style threatened to disinherit me of about L.220 which was all she then had to withhold or bestow. My mind was in the most unfit state to answer such a letter, and for that very reason, I could not help answering it. My letter was indecent. I blamed her absurd and vicious mode of educating me, as the sole cause of any propensity I might have indulged for play, and advised her to lay out her *property*, as she called it, in giving a new edition of Hoyle, which was then out of print. This letter was shewn to Harriet and her uncle. The latter, an inflexible advocate for the *jure divino* authority and venerability of parents, even in their grossest absurdities, forbid his niece ever to see or correspond with me more. My letter to her was ingenuous and tender: and she in a few days after, gave me an account of the unpleasant effects of that to my mother. To add to my painful sensations at this time, I received a letter from Mr. F. my benefactor, informing me that, on account of the interest which he felt in the progress of liberty on the continent, he had made himself so very obnoxious to the associators of the town he lived in, that he found it adviseable to take his family and property with him to America, and was to sail in a few days from Bristol.

The spirit of adventure was now every day growing on me. I was sometimes very successful, and in those short-lived paroxysms of prosperity, would write to Harriet in the

the fondness and fullness of my heart; for, in spite of all the folly and depravity which I saw and shared in, she still reigned paramount over my affections. Yet my health was impaired, and my temper soured by the alternation of good and bad fortune, and my pity or contempt for those with whom I consorted. From the nobleman whose acres were nightly melting in the dice-box, there were adventurers to be seen even to the unfledged apprentice who came with the pillage of his unsuspecting master's till, to swell the guilty bank of Dame N. and Co. Were the commissioners of bankrupt but to know how many citizens are prepared for them, at those houses, they would be bound to thank them. Many a score of guineas have I won of tradesmen who seem only to turn an honest penny in Leadenhall Street, Aldgate, Birchin Lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, Holborn, the Borough, and other eastern spots of industry. But I fleeced them only for the benefit of the Faro Bank, which is sure finally to absorb the transient gain of all. Some of the croupiers would call their gold, which was the most *pesant* in circulation, the gifts of the *wise men* from the *East*; while others, more professional in their allusion, called every rough guinea a *cockney counter*.

One night I had such a run of luck in the hazard-room, which happened to be rather thinly attended, that I won every thing; and, with my load of treasure, collected from the East and West, nay some of it probably from Finchley Common or Hounslow Heath, I went in the fatal flush of success, to attack the Faro Bank. It was my internal determination, however, that if fortune favoured me throughout the night, I never more would become her votary at a gaming-table. For some hours did I proceed under the torture of suspense, in the alternate agitations of hope and fear. But by five o'clock in the morning, I attained a state of certainty similar to that of a wretch just ushered into the regions of the damned. I had lost about three thousand five hundred guineas, which I had brought with me from the hazard-table, together with two thousand which the Bank advanced on my credit. There they stopped, and, with an apathy peculiar to themselves, listened to a torrent of puerile abuse which I vented against them in my despair.

Two days and two nights did I shut myself up to indulge the most racking reflections. I was ruined beyond repair, and had, on the third morning, worked myself up to resort for relief to a loaded pistol. I had rang for my servant to bring me some gunpowder, and was debating within myself whether I should direct its force against the brain or heart, when he entered with a letter. It was from Harriet. I opened it with trepidation, and soon learned she was no stranger to my misfortune. With the pen and soul of a heroine, she urged me to fly from the destructive habits and temptations of the town, and to wait for nine months, when she should have passed her minority, and be in the uncontrouled possession of her fortune, which was seventeen hundred pounds. With that small sum she hoped my experience, talents, and domestic comfort under her housewifery, would create a state of happiness and independence, which millions could not procure in the mad career in which I had been so unsuccessful. This was the voice of a guardian angel in the hour of despair. I wept over my lovely comforter's name for more than an hour, and found considerable relief. I found still more in answering her divine

divine letter. In her next, according to my request, she informed me that the channel by which she had got such early and minute information of my misfortune, was her neighbour and admirer the vicar, who was related to one of the croupiers at P.'s and had from him a regular detail of my proceedings. My lovely mistress's soothing and monitory language had now tranquilized my soul beyond the absurdity of Gothic resentment, or I would have called this croupier to an account. Instead of doing so, I wrote to the proprietors of the Bank, and stated to them my ruined condition, together with my readiness to sell out, in order to pay them as much as I could of the sum they had lent and won of me. Those gentlemen have friends in every department. They contrived, in the course of two days, to complete the transfer of my lieutenancy, and then, in their superabundant humanity, offered me the place of croupier in an inferior house which they kept in the vicinity of Hanover Square. This offer I declined; and after having paid every tradesman's bill, left London with only eleven guineas and a half in my purse.

In two days after my arrival at a friend's house in Wiltshire, I saw an advertisement for a private tutor, which I answered, and was engaged as the mentor of two ill-mannered, ill-disposed lads, the sons of a wealthy clothier. I entered on my new office with the best of dispositions. I met with many slights and mortifications from this low-bred family and their connections. Yet I daily and successfully laboured to improve the heads and hearts of my pupils; and in that consciousness, and the letters of my Harriet, did I find a ready balm for the wounds which purse-pride and coarseness inflicted on my sensibility.

Harriet had now attained her twenty-first year. I took leave of my pupils and their family, with some regret, and in the course of the next week was united to the best of women. I hired a cottage and six acres of land in a very retired situation about ninety miles from London, and having sold out fifty pounds of my wife's fortune, to help to furnish it, commenced farmer in miniature, and have ever since lived in real comfort and happiness, on an income somewhat under a hundred pounds a year, though the addition of a little cherub, the lovely model of her mother, has made it necessary for us to keep a second maid.

I regularly correspond with my friend F. who has made considerable purchases in the vicinity of the rising city of Washington, and strenuously exhorts me to come over to him, which I mean to do as soon as the stocks rise from their present very depressed state.

SINGULAR NOTICE.

THE following curious inscription is on a board over the door of a house in the Borough—

"I Jon Wake carrys out letters, parcels in caarts, or on horses backs, and I goes with myself or else I sends my wife, so as how they be sure to be safe.—Gardenang jobes dun by day or yeer, and wall fruit brote forth, as may be seen within. Terms must be menshuned, as I never goes from my wurds, so none need apply who cannot ansur this descripshon.—Cats meet, dogs meet, fowls, and pastry, and othour eatables, and lickers of all kinds, as I have licence for these things neate as reported.

"N. B. I sells nothing on Monday mornings, as I does not return to town till the afternoon."

A COMPLET

A COMPLETE LIST
OF
THE WINNING HORSES
IN
Great Britain, in the Year 1803, with their Sires, Dams, &c.

(Continued from Page 108.)

GOT BY ERASMUS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

ESTHER, eight years old, Mr. Bigges's won 200gs, 50gs, and L.50, at Maddington.

BY ESCAPE, SON OF HIGH-FLYER.

1. Florist, five years old, Mr. Miles's, won 25gs at Maddington, and twice 25gs at Bibury; Mr. Moreton's, 25gs at Kingscote; Mr. Day's, L.50 at Oswestry.

2. Runaway, Colonel Andrews's, won 70gs at Taunton.

BY FIDGET, SON OF FLORIZEL.

1. Alderney, three years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Fuss, four years old, Mr. Fellowes's, won 75gs and twice L.50 at Exeter.

BY FLYING GIB, SON OF MARSK.

1. Bay Horse, five years old, Mr. Squire's, won L.100 at Worcester.

BY FORTUNIO, SON OF FLORIZEL.

1. Banquo, aged, Mr. Stratton's won 50gs at Oxford, and L.50 at Abingdon.

2. Bay Gelding, six years old, Sir H. Lippincott's, the cup value 50gs, and 25gs, at Maddington

3. Bay Gelding, five years old, Mr. Dyott's, 60gs at Derby, and 70gs at Doncaster.

4. Fine Ear, aged, Hon. Mr. Craven's, the Welter Stakes of 460gs, and L.50 at Bibury.

5. Jack Chance, five years old, Mr. Warrington's, won 200gs at Newmarket.

6. St. Vincent, six years old, Mr. Snell's, won 90gs and L.50 at Worcester.

BY GABRIEL, SON OF DORIMANT.

1. Stockton, four years old, Mr. Mellish's, received a premium of L.15 and won L.50 at Newcastle; a handicap stakes of 200gs, and one of the subscription purses of L.268, 15s. at York; walked over for the King's plate, and received the stakes of 36gs for the second-best horse for the L.100 plate at Doncaster.

BY GENERAL, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Colonel, Mr. Williams's, won the silver bowl at Salisbury.

BY GROUSE, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Duckling, three years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won twice L.50 at Newmarket.

BY GUILDFORD, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Gipsy, three years old, Mr. Emden's, won a cup at Tunbridge Wells, twice L.50 at Canterbury, and L.50 at Reading.

BY HAMMER.

1. Ormskirk, four years old, Mr. Harris's, won L.50 at Chester.

BY HUBY, SON OF PHÆNOMENON.

1. Gary Owen, five years old, Major Pigott's, won 150gs at Brocket Hall, 160gs at Brighton, 105gs at Salisbury, and 50gs at Kingscote.

BY JAVELIN, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Necko, four years old, Mr. Storey's, walked over for a match of 100gs at Newcastle.

BY JOE ANDREWS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Dick Andrews, six years old, Lord

Lord Sackville's, won a handicap-stakes of 450gs, the King's plate, a match of 100gs, and the Jockey Club plate of 50gs, at Newmarket, walked over for a stakes of 200gs at Bibury, and received a compromise of 20gs at Newmarket.

BY JOHN BULL, SON OF FORTITUDE.

1. Admiral Nelson, eight years old, Mr. D. Grosvenor's, won L.50 at Blandford.

2. Baron Bull, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won 160gs at Stamford, and 150gs at Egham.

3. Bay Colt, three years old, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, won the Pavilion stakes of 1350gs at Brighton.

4. Brown Filly, three years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 75gs at Holywell Hunt.

5. Cæsario, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won 45gs at Newmarket.

6. Captain Absolute, four years old, Sir S. Glynn's, won 50gs at Chester, L.50 at Bridgenorth, L.50 at Shrewsbury, and L.50 at Oswestry.

7. Georgiana, six years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, received a compromise of 20gs at Epsom, and won 350gs at Newmarket.

8. Handmaid, three years old, Mr. E. Ackers's, won L.50 at Durham, and L.50 at Malton.

9. Margery, four years old, Lord Grosvenor's, afterwards Mr. Abbey's, won L.50 at Newmarket, L.128 : 15s. at Reading, and L.50 at Egham.

10. Montalto, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won L.50, 50gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

11. Mountaineer, four years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 100gs at Chester.

12. Northampton, four years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won 130gs at Chester, L.50 at Manchester, and 100gs at Newmarket.

13. Purity, three years old, Mr. Philips's, won L.50 at Stamford.

14. Tulipson, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won L.55 : 15s. and 75gs at Nantwich, also 55gs at Knutsford.

BY JOY.

1. Brown Colt, three years old, Mr. Jones's, twice L.50 at Haverfordwest.

BY JUPITER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Thornville-Royal, five years old, Mr. Barlow's won L.50 at Beverley, the Hunters' stakes of 100gs at Doncaster, and L.50 at Northallerton.

BY KING FERGUS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Blemished Boy, four years old, Mr. Glover's, won 50gs at Chester, L.50 at Tenbury, and L.50 at Nantwich.

BY MAGPIE, SON OF IMPERATOR.

1. Black Dick, six years old, Mr. Pigott's, won L.50 at Kingscote.

BY MERCURY, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Arthur O'Bradley, aged, Colonel Lake's, won 50gs at Canterbury.

BY METEOR, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Meteor, seven years old, Mr. Wardell's, won L.50 at Stamford; Mr. Philips's, L.50 at Huntingdon and L.50 at Derby.

BY MR. TEAZLE, SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.

1. Morgan Rattler, four years old, Mr. Durand's, won L.50 at Goodwood, L.50 at Guildford, also 135gs and L.50 at Ascot Heath.

2. Pic Nic, four years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won 210gs at Brighton, also 50gs and 265gs, at Newmarket.

3. Squire Teazle, five years old, Lord Grosvenor's, L.50 and 100gs at Newmarket

BY

BY MOORCOCK, SON OF HIGH-FLYER.

1. Cockspinner, three years old, Mr. Glover's, won 120gs at Chester, also L.60 : 10s. and L.50 at Nottingham.

BY MUFTI, SON OF FITZHEROD.

1. Earby, five years old, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, received a forfeit of 25gs at Catterick Bridge.

2. Marianne, five years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won L.50 at Ascot Heath, 100gs and L.50 at Brighton, L.50 at Lewes, L.50 at Reading, and L.50 at Warwick.

BY ORMOND, SON OF KING FERGUS.

1. Brown Colt, three years old, Lord Darlington's, won 120gs, with L.30 added, at Pontefract

BY OVERTON, SON OF KING FERGUS.

1. Bob Handy, three years old, Mr. Edwards's, twice 50gs at Newmarket.

2. Cotillion, five years old, Mr. Stevenson's, won L.50 at Durham.

3. Pantomime, four years old, Mr. Scrope's, won 60gs at Stockbridge, 100gs and L.50 at Winchester, also L.50 at Blandford.

4. Rolla, six years old. Mr. M. Phillipps's, won twice L.50 at Cardiff, Glamorganshire.

5. Susan, three years old, Mr. Bowman's, won 80gs at Catterick Bridge, 60gs at Malton, L.50 at Beverley, also L.50 and 70gs at Lincoln.

6. Tankersley, four years old, Sir Rowland Winn's, won L.50 at Malton.

BY PEGASUS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Alonzo, five years old, Mr. C. Brandling's, won one of the subscription purses of L 268 : 15s. and a handicap stakes of 175gs at York.

2. King Edward, late Shum Sheer Jung, eight years old, Mr. Græme's, won 200gs at Maddington; Mr. Edwards's, 25gs at Knighton.

3. Chesnut Filly, two years old, Mr. Harris's, won 100gs at Epsom.

4. Novice, aged, Mr. Batson's, won the King's plate at Ascot Heath.

5. Laura, three years old, Mr. Coventry's, won L.50 at Epsom, and 135gs at Ascot Heath.

6. Sir Sidney, six years old, Mr. Durand's, won L.50 at Goodwood.

BY PIPATOR, SON OF IMPERATOR.

1. Bay Colt, three years old, Lord Strathmore's, won 90gs, and walked over for a match of 100gs, at Catterick Bridge; the gold cup value 100gs, with 40gs added, at Newcastle; a stakes of 420gs at York; also the St. Leger stakes of 575gs, and the gold cup value 100gs, at Doncaster.—The match that was walked over for against Saxoni at Catterick Bridge, was held in dispute; but at Richmond races, it was agreed to be deemed void.

2. Bay Colt, three years old, Mr. Lonsdale's, won the Jockey stakes of 80gs at Middleham.

3. Bay Horse, Mr. Kaye's, won the annual plate at Kippling-Coates.

4. Farewell, afterwards Spitfire, four years old, Mr. Walton's, and Mr. W. Hutchinson's, won L.50 at Carlisle, L.50 at Nottingham, L.50 at Penrith, and twice L.50 at Morpeth.

BY POT-8-O'S, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Enchanter, four years old, Lord Sackville's, won 100gs at Bibury; also 100gs and 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Galloper, four years old, Hon. Mr.

Mr. Wyndham's, won L.50 at Newmarket.

3. Humming Bird, two years old, General Grosvenor's, won 50gs at Newmarket.

4. Lampedo, five years old, Mr. Golding's, received a L.20 premium at Ipswich.

5. Mandane, three years old, Mr. Panton's, won 50gs at Brighton.

6. Obi, six years old, Mr. Kincaid's, won twice L.50 at Montrose.

7. Parasol, three years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won L.50, 130gs, L.190, L.50, and 35gs, at Newmarket.

8. Yam, five years old, Mr. Elton's, won 95gs and 50gs at Maddington.

BY PRECIPITATE, SON OF MERCURY.

1. Alchymist, four years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won 50gs at Goodwood.

2. Bobtail, eight years old, Mr. F. Neale's, won 100gs, 50gs, 25gs, and L.50, at Newmarket.

3. Clodhopper, seven years old, Mr. Fuller's, won 70gs, 75gs, and L.50, at Kingscote.

4. Grey Filly, three years old, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's, won 50gs and 130gs at Lewes.

5. Gulliver, four years old, Lord F. G. Osborne's, won a handicap sweepstakes of 550gs at Newmarket.

6 Lampedosa, two years old, Lord Egremont's, won 100gs at Epsom, and 50gs at Lewes.

7. Mars, four years old, Mr. Sutton's, won L.50 at Stockbridge.

8. Mary, three years old, Mr. Kellermann's, won L.50 at Warwick, twice L.50 at Litchfield, and received a 10gs premium at Walsall.

9. Matranne, Sir G. Thomas's, won 60gs at Goodwood.

BY RATTLER, SON OF IMPERATOR.

1. Highlander, six years old, Mr. Jenner's, won L.50 at Carmarthen.

BY RESTLESS, SON OF PHÆNOMENON.

1. Garnerin, four years old, Mr. Byndloss's, won 50gs at Goodwood.

2. Pilgrim, six years old, Mr. Marsh's, afterwards Mr. Denham's, won L.72 : 10s. at Ludlow, the gold cup value 65gs at Chesterfield, and L.50 at Warwick.

BY RULER, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

1. Bay Filly, four years old, Mr. Brown's, won a purse at Edinburgh.

2. Frederick, aged, Mr. Hodges's, won 90gs at Blandford, and 25gs at Kingscote.

3. Success, four years old, Mr. Burton's, won 50gs at Middleham.

4. Mittimus, six years old, Lord Graves's, won 50gs and 25gs at Maddington.

BY ST. GEORGE, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Chesnut Colt, two years old, Lord Darlington's, won 60gs at York, and a compromise of 20gs at Doncaster.

BY SCREVETON, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Ellemere, three years old, Mr. Walker's, won 140gs and L.50 at Newcastle.

BY SIR PETER, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Agonistes, six years old, Lord Darlington's, won 200gs and the King's plate at York; also the gold cup value 100gs, with L.51 : 10s. added, at Pontefract.

2. Bay Colt, three years old, Mr.

Mr. Bettison's, won 90gs at Ludlow.

3. Brother to Stamford, three years old, Sir Frank Standish's, won 400gs and 450gs at Newmarket.

4. Brown Filly, three years old, Hon. L. Savile's, won L.50 at Northallerton.

5. Cheshire Cheese, late Belleisle, five years old, Mr. C. Cholmondeley's, won 105gs, the Earl of Chester's plate, and 140gs, at Chester; the King's plate at Newcastle; 90gs and L.50 at Preston; 90gs at Nantwich; 140gs at Nottingham; the King's plate, and 190gs at Litchfield; also 120gs at Oswestry.

6. Ditto ditto, three years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won the Derby stakes of 925gs at Epsom.

7. Doncaster, three years old, Lord Darlington's, won 180gs at York Spring Meeting, 60gs at Malton, and 195gs at York August Meeting.

8. Duxbury, four years old, Sir Frank Standish's, won 80gs at Newmarket, and a produce stakes of 609gs at York August Meeting.

9. Haphazard, six years old, Lord Darlington's, received a compromise of 100gs at Newmarket, won 500gs, 225gs, and one of the subscription purses of L.268 : 15s. at York August Meeting.

10. Pipylin, four years old, Mr. Sitwell's, won 50gs at Newmarket, L.50 at Derby, and 100gs at Doncaster.

11. Rosebush, six years old, Honourable L. Savile's, won the Hunters' stakes of 125gs at Oxford.

12. Starling, three years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won L.50 at Middleham.

13. Timbertoe, late Wilkes, five years old, Mr. Whaley's, won 15gs, 100gs, and 20gs, at Newmarket.

14. Walton, four years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won the third class of the Oatlands' stakes of 300gs, L.50, and the King's plate, in October, at Newmarket.

BY SKYSCRAPER, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bay Filly, out of Cælia, three years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Busbridge, late Skyrocket, six years old, Mr. Hyde's, won L.50 at Goodwood, L.50 at Ascot Heath, and L.50 at Chelmsford.

BY SKYSCRAPER OR GROUSE.

1. Flambeau, five years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 35gs and 80gs at Newmarket.

BY SLOPE, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Whynot, Mr. Chamberlane's, won 60gs at Middleham.

BY SOLDIER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Bay Moston, four years old, Mr. T. L. Brooke's, won L.50 at Newton, and L.50 at Walsall.

2. Brown Colt, four years old, Mr. Bayley's, won L.50 at Shrewsbury.

BY SPADILLE, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Supervisor, six years old, Mr. Trafford's, won L.50 at Manchester; Mr. Jodrell's, a sweepstakes of 15gs each, and one of [illegible]0gs each, at Tarporley Hunt.

2. Tom Shuffleton, five years old, Mr. Frogley's, won L.50 at Salisbury.

BY SPANKER, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

1. Rowland, Colonel Seddon's, won 50gs at Durham.

BY STAR, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bay Colt, three years old, Sir William Gerard's, won 50gs at Newton.

2. Bay

2. Bay Filly, three years old, the Duke of Leeds's, won 50gs at Middleham.

BY STRIDE, SON OF PHÆNOMENON.

1. Applegarth, eight years old, Mr. Don's, won 100gs at Ayr.

2. Carlisle, four years old, Mr. David's, won L.50 at Oxford and 50gs at Egham.

3. Sir John, *alias* I'm Yorkshire Yet, four years old, Hon. Mr. Coventry's, won twice 100gs at Newmarket, L.50 at Lambourn, and 100gs at Worcester.

4. Stretch, three years old, Mr. Hodgson's, won L 50 at Boroughbridge and L.50 at Pontefract.

BY TICKLE TOBY, SON OF ALFRED.

1. St. Andrew, three years old Mr. Hodgson's, won the Tickle Toby stakes of 40gs at Lamberton.

BY TOM TIT, SON OF WOODPECKER.

1. Revenge, five years old, Mr. Forth's, won L.50 at Epsom, and 48gs at Egham.

BY TRAVELLER, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bagsman, five years old, Sir H. T. Vane's, won L.50 at Pontefract.

2. Liquorice, four years old, Mr. Croft's, won L.50 at Beverley.

BY TRUMPATOR, SON OF CONDUCTOR.

1. Allegretta, two years old, Mr. Panton's, won 100gs at Newmarket.

2. Brother to Repeator, four years old, Mr. Branthwayte's, won L.50 at Winchester.

3. Edgar, five years old, Lord Grey's, won L.50 at Newcastle-under-Lyne and 95gs at Tewkesbury.

4. Flageolet, four years old, Mr. S. P. Galwey's, won 50gs at Chelmsford, also 70gs and L.50 at Bedford.

5. Giles, five years old, Mr. Byndloss's, won 50gs and 60gs at Goodwood, 70gs and 50gs at Maddington, 50gs at Bibury, the King's plate at Winchester, 119gs at Blandford, the King's plate at Salisbury, also 25gs and L.144, 10s. at Kingscote.

6. Nancy, five years old, Mr. Atkinson's, won 50gs at York, and L.50 at Knutsford.

7. Orange Flower, five years old, Mr. Jones's, a handicap stakes of 450gs at Newmarket, L.50 and 70gs at Lambourn, also L.50 at Winchester.

8. Pacificator, five years old, Lord Sackville's, 40gs and 100gs at Bibury.

9. Penelope, five years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won 200gs, 120gs, L.190, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

10. Rebel, seven years old, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's, won L.50 at Bibury, and 130gs at Brighton.

11. Sir David, two years old, Lord Stawell's, 125gs at Newmarket.

12. Trombone, five years old, Hon. Mr. Watson's, won 100gs and 120gs at Newmarket, L.50 at Stamford, 100gs and L 50 at Lewes, 120gs at Canterbury, also 56gs, 100gs, 200gs, 80gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

13. Tuneful, six years old, Mr. Whaley's, won 200gs and 170gs, at Newmarket.

BY TRIMMER, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

1. Chancellor, four years old, Lord Cassillis's, won L.50 at Montrose.

2. Midnight, four years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won twice L.50 at Lamberton.

BY

BY TWILIGHT, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Borringdon, Mr. Lang's, won L.50 at Exeter.

BY VOLUNTEER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Brighton, six years old, Mr. Forth's, won L.50 at Epsom, L.50 at Brighton, L.50 at Lewes, and L.50 at Egham.

2. Brother to Eagle, four years old, Sir F. Standish's, won L.50 at Newmarket.

3. Eagle, seven years old, Sir F. Standish's, won the Craven stakes of 70gs at Newmarket.

4. Enchantress, three years old, Mr. Paine's, won twice L.50 at Taunton; Mr. Martin's, L.50 at Egham.

5. Fop, five years old, Colonel Kingscote's, won L.50 at Stockbridge and L.50 at Salisbury.

6. Fusileer, five years old, Mr. Kellermann's, won L.50 at Bibury.

7. Gaoler, five years old, Hon. Mr. Watson's, won 200gs, 90gs, 100gs, 100gs, 70gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

8. Sweetheart, three years old, Mr. Stackpoole's, won 200gs at Stockbridge.

9. Volontiers, two years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won 125gs at Epsom, 550gs and twice 25gs at Newmarket.

BY WALNUT, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bay Colt, dam by Javelin, four years old, the Duke of Hamilton's, won L.50 at Morpeth.

2. Chesnut Colt, dam by Bourdeaux, three years old, the Duke of Hamilton's, won a produce stakes of 850gs at York August Meeting.

3. Lignum Vitæ, six years old, Hon. Mr. Watson's, won the gold cup value 100gs, and walked over for a stakes of 80gs, at Stamford; received 250gs and 100gs at Newmarket in October.

4. True Blue, six years old, Mr. Read Denham's, won L.50 at Chesterfield.

BY WAXY, SON OF POT8O'S.

1. Elizabeth, three years old, Lord Stawell's, won L.50 at Guildford, 50gs at Newmarket, the Queen's plate at Chelmsford, 100gs at Brighton, and 60gs at Lewes.

BY WHISKEY, SON OF SALTRAM.

1. Bay Colt, four years old, Mr. J. Phillipps's, won L.50 at Carmarthen; Mr. Collins's, L.50 at Swansea.

2. Eleanor, five years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won 50gs at Newmarket; L.50 at Ipswich; the gold cup value 100gs, with 50gs added, and L.50, at Oxford; twice L.50 at Huntingdon; and the King's plate at Lincoln.

3. Julia, four years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won L.50 at Oxford, and the King's plate at Warwick.

4. Orlando, four years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won 600gs and 50gs at Newmarket, twice L.50 at Beccles, also L.190 and 50gs at Newmarket.

5. Pamela, three years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won 7[illegible]gs at Newmarket and L.50 at Ascot Heath.

6. Rumbo, three years old, Lord Clermont's, won the King's plate at Ipswich, and L.50 at Newmarket.

7. Tinsel, three years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won L.50 at Bedford and 50gs at Newmarket.

8. Whirligig, five years old, Lord Graves's, won L.115 at Maddington and 350gs at Bibury; Lord Sackville's, 60gs at Bibury, and 235gs at Newmarket.

BY WOODPECKER, SON OF HEROD.

1. Bay gelding, six years old, Lord Egremont's, won 120gs at Goodwood.

BY YOUNG ECLIPSE.

1. Brown-bay Colt, four years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 200gs at Newmarket.

BY YOUNG WOODPECKER.

1. Trinidada, four years old, Lord Egremont's, won 60gs at Goodwood, L.50 and 50gs at Brighton, also 60gs at Lewes.

2. Wheatear, three years old, Colonel Kingscote's, won 85gs at Tewkesbury.

WALKING BAROMETERS, &c.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

A LITERARY acquaintance of mine, who is apt to be troubled with the hypochondria, seems to exert his whole ingenuity in making himself miserable. If the weather in January suddenly becomes warm, his thoughts are perpetually recurring to the dreadful plague of Charles II; if the sun looks red and fiery, he is no doubt coming full drive against the earth, to reduce us to ashes, or there will be some other terrible derangement in the planetary system; either Jupiter's four moons will go to loggerheads, or Saturn swells to such an enormous bulk as to burst his belt.

A thunder storm sends him upon his knees, because he is persuaded the last day is arrived; and a shower of hail in the night is sure to rouse him from his bed, to look for fire running along the ground, as it did during one of the plagues in Egypt.

His existence, indeed, is one continued malady of mind and body. The apprehension of misery has at length become worse than misery itself; and every slight bodily indisposition, or even the smallest symptoms of indisposition, so affects him, that his house looks like an hospital, instead of appearing the residence of a gentleman and a philosopher.

He has nothing to do but to cough three or four times in the morning, and he immediately muffles himself up in flannel, lies down on a sofa by the fire, and passes his time in marking the changes of the sky, counting his pulse every four minutes by a stop-watch, drinking water-gruel, rubbing his throat with hartshorn, and spreading plasters of Burgundy pitch.

But a very near neighbour of the philosopher's, to whom I was introduced some little time ago, is, if possible, still more ingenious in the creation of visionary wretchedness. Having applied himself from his youth to the study of antiquities, and being a very attentive peruser of ancient history, he has at length persuaded himself that the present is a very degenerate age; that every new century brings with it a thousand new evils; that the moderns are a set of unfortunate ignoramuses and rascals; and, in short, that the true way of living rightly and comfortably was known only to the ancients, and has never been re-discovered since the decline of the Roman empire.

This notion is always uppermost in his thoughts, and is consequently betrayed in every word and action of his life. He thinks the world is grown too old, to be of much use any longer; is continually quarrelling

ling with his hard fate, that brought him into the world in the eighteenth century, and made him a rich bachelor, an Englishman, and a Christian; and cannot conceive the reason why he was not born 2000 years ago.

The first thing he does in the morning, after examining his cabinet to see whether his gems, medals, intaglios, &c. &c. are all safe, is to throw up the window of his bed-chamber, curse the heavy hypochondriacal atmosphere of England, and sigh for the delicious refreshing breezes of ancient Campania.

He then dresses himself, and, while he is putting on his shirt, cannot help uttering a thousand lamentable soliloquies on the disuse of flannel and woollen inner garments; on the infinite superiority of flannel to linen, wearing better next the skin, and being much wholesomer; and on the stiff cut of modern dress; not forgetting to execrate the want of taste manifested by the present age, in the total concealment of their toes, which is the consequence of wearing shoes instead of sandals, and is a custom he is certain we have borrowed from the Chinese: whereas, argues he, if sandals were in fashion, our young men would not only become more cleanly in their persons, but no doubt, as in Rome, our beaux might learn to slide more easily into the hearts of the ladies; and a good foot, with the toes neatly pared and rounded, would become as great an attraction as a white and taper hand.

Our antiquary, after indulging himself in these and such like melancholy reflections, proceeds to breakfast; a meal which he regularly continues to eat with ill-humour, and an ill-relish. Every spoonful of tea that he sips, makes him consider how a Roman would laugh to see him drinking a decoction of a paltry Chinese herb, evidently of modern use, and consequently utterly unclassical and barbarous; and yet he is, from habit, so attached to certain little modern conveniences, such as tea, sugar, tobacco, &c. &c. that it is with the greatest violence to his animal inclinations he can prevail on himself to forego any one of them; and it was but three days ago he told one of his maid servants, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he must be compelled to take off his two toasted crumpets from his morning meal, as he had some doubts whether the *collyra spongiosa* mentioned by Pliny, was the exact modern crumpet or not.

As his table, however, notwithstanding piteous complaints of ill-fare, is, in general, not only elegantly, but even sumptuously furnished, it is almost daily surrounded by a crowd of acquaintances, who are content to hear his lamentations, enjoy the good things of a very excellent larder, and laugh in their sleeves at the man who has all the comforts of life within his reach, and yet will not put forth his hand to obtain them, because providence has sent them in the nineteenth century, and not in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, or Alexander the Great.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote will not only prove the fallacy of the remark, that a woman cannot keep a secret, but will serve as an additional instance of that generous and humane spirit which so nobly characterises our fair countrywomen.

Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the out-skirts of

of the town, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear; observing at the time, that she was on her road to Barnet; that she had left her gloves at a friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the lady's gloves, and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with bank notes, stepped into her post-chaise, and proceeded on her journey.

She had scarcely reached Finchley Common, when a highwayman stopped the chaise and demanded her money; he entreated her not to be alarmed, he had no intention upon her person; if she surrendered her property it was all he wanted; distress and not his will urged him to the desperate act, and he was determined to remove his penury or perish. The lady gave her purse, and the depredator rode off.

After he was gone, and the fright had subsided, the lady imagined, that in the address of the highwayman she recognized the voice of the glover she had some time before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered the post-boy to drive back to town, not choosing, as she said, to venture farther over the Heath.

On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admittance; the glover himself opened the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover shewed her to a back parlour, when she exclaimed—"I am come for my purse, which you have robbed me of this evening on Finchley Common!" The glover was confounded. The lady proceeded—"It is of no use for you to deny it; I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity!" The glover, overcome with guilt, shame, and confusion, returned the purse, confessed his crime, and pleaded his distresses.

The lady, after a suitable admonishment, gave him a L.10 note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel, adding, that she would never divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the subsequent discovery was omitted, and it was not till very recently, that a minute of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the lady alluded to. Even in this private memorandum, the name and residence of the shopkeeper was carefully omitted, and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave.

After this tale, the truth of which may be relied on, who will say, that a woman cannot keep a secret?

FRACAS
OF
BILLIARD PLAYERS.

Middlesex Sessions—Hicks's Hall, January 8.

THE only trial of any interest, was that of Henry Bowen, for an assult on Mr. John Collins, on the 8th of July last, at Camden Town.

This affair originated in a dispute upon the subject of a game which is now become so prevalent in almost every part of the metropolis, at every place of amusement in its vicinity, at every watering-place throughout the kingdom, and affords so glaring a source of vitiation and debauch to the morals of the

the rising generation, and of ways and means to whole myriads of sharpers, as loudly to demand the attention of the magistrates, at least for its controul, if not for its suppression. We allude to the game of billiards. This scientific game, as it is called, is become quite the school for knowing ones, and forms a branch of spherics much more sedulously studied by the youth of the present day, even at our public schools and universities, than the doctrines of Newton or Euclid; while, in the metropolis, and at all the watering-places, the billiard-rooms are become the haunts of sharpers, swindlers, and professed gamblers, whose objects are to plunder, with impunity, the unguarded *flukes*, whom they can inveigle to play, and whose easy, though infamous emoluments, procured in this way, tempt thousands of our inexperienced youth to abandon their industrious pursuits, and fly from the desk, the counter, or the counting house, to follow the management of the *mace* and *cue*, and acquire consummate skill at the *red* and *white game*.

The prosecution on this occasion was opened, and the case stated, by Mr. Gurney, who took occasion to express his surprize that this prosecution, coming as it did from a young man of sense and education, had not been founded upon an indictment of robbery, instead of a mere charge for an assault.

The first witness called was John Collins, the prosecutor, who described himself as the proprietor of a school for young gentlemen at Hampstead. On the evening of the 8th of July last, he said, he was returning from town to his own home. He stopped at the house commonly called the Long Room, at Camden Town, to wait for the stage-coach returning to Hampstead; where, on walking about the garden, he met the defendant, along with a number of other persons with whom he appeared to be in company. He saw also a sort of frame on the ground, in that part of the garden, with a number of holes in it, and upon the ground, close to the frame, were six leaden balls, with which, at this frame, a game called bumble-puppy is played; he stooped for the balls, and began to bowl them at the frame, and the defendant and he played together for a pint of ale. After a game or two, the prosecutor was about to proceed homewards, when the defendant asked him to play at billiards, which the prosecutor refused; the defendant then charged him with having broken his appointment with him, made on a former occasion, to come to that house to play at billiards for a guinea. The prosecutor denied having made any such appointment: the defendant insisted he had, and began to use very abusive language; the prosecutor still denied any such appointment, and asserted he never saw the defendant but once before; but offered the defendant, if he would give him his address, to call upon him at an early day, or to give him his own address, that the defendant might call upon him; and as the defendant said he had promised to play at billiards with him, that he had no objection to play, and to deposit *now* a one-pound note in the hands of the landlord, provided the defendant would deposit another; and which note he would agree to forfeit, should he fail to come to his appointment. He took out his pocket-book, which contained L.20 in notes, to make the deposit, but the defendant refused, called him a *nincompoop*, a *fool*, and other opprobrious names, and threatened to knock him down. The prosecutor had a stick in his hand,

hand, which he held out before him for his defence; the defendant immediately rushed upon him, and in the struggle he was knocked down, and instantly on his getting up he missed his pocket-book, containing the L.20, which but the moment before he had put into his breast pocket; he then cried out that he was robbed, and called the watch. The defendant, and those who were with him, attempted to go away, but the prosecutor stood in the doorway, cried out that he was robbed, and said, no one should pass him until the robber was taken into custody. It was the dusk of the evening; he was at first a good deal confused, in consequence of being knocked down, and did not know immediately which of the parties to charge, but he quickly recollected the defendant as being the only person who touched him, and he charged him to the watchman, who, with much reluctance, took him into custody; but, in going towards the watch-house, he saw the defendant run away from the watchman's hold; the prosecutor pursued him, but the defendant escaped; he then turned, and seized hold of the watchman, saying, he would charge him with conniving at the defendant's escape; but the watchman pulling from under his coat something which appeared to witness as a blunderbuss, threatened to discharge it at him, if he did not instantly let go his hold, which witness did, and then went to the watch-house, gave his charge to the constable of the night, and, describing the person and dress of the defendant, desired, that if he should appear, he might be taken into custody; and he was accordingly so taken in the course of the night.

On his cross-examination, by Mr. Const, he admitted he had seen the defendant at the same place a fortnight before; that he had played with him at the game of bumble-puppy, but had no recollection whatever of making any appointment to play with him at the game of billiards.

The next witness was a Mr. Horsepoole, a taylor, of Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, who said, that on the evening before stated, he was passing by the Long Room at Camden Town, heard the noise of a scuffle just after he had passed, and returned, from mere curiosity, to see the cause; but the affray was then over, and he saw the prosecutor standing in the door-way, saying he was robbed, and that no one should pass out until the robber was in custody. He saw him give the defendant in charge to the watchman; saw him run away from the watchman, and the prosecutor pursue; and heard other persons who were present, cry out to the defendant—"Run! run!" There was a lady present who had been with the defendant, and was said to be his wife; but when he ran away, he left her behind.

Here closed the evidence for the prosecution.

On the part of the defendant, James Williams was called.—He stated himself to be a currier and leather-cutter, resident near Seven Dials; that he had been in an ill state of health for some time previous to the day of this event, and lodged at Camden Town; that he had been in the habit of going on evenings into the garden of the Long Room House there, when he was able to crawl about, to see what amusements were going forward; and that he happened to be there upon the evening now stated, sitting on a bench at the place where the game of bumble-puppy was played; saw there a number of persons to the tune of five or six, amongst whom was the defendant; he

he never saw any of them before; they were utter strangers to him. He heard the defendant speak of some person who had promised to play at billiards with him and broken his promise, just at the time the prosecutor came in. The defendant, after a little time, charged him with breaking his appointment, which the prosecutor denied, and said, so far was he from being afraid to play with him at billiards, that he would play with him, or any man present, for one or two and twenty pounds; and he immediately pulled out his pocket-book, and put down twenty pounds in notes upon the table. The witness cautioned him to put up his money, and take care of it. The defendant said, he would play with him now one game for a pound, the stakes of each to be put into the pocket of the billiard-table, and taken by the winner, which the prosecutor refused at that moment to do. Words of dispute arose; the prosecutor was talking very loud, and shaking his finger in a menacing way at the defendant; the latter answered, if he dared any more to poke his finger into his face in that manner, he would knock him down; upon which the prosecutor, with the stick in his hand, struck the defendant a blow; both parties grappled, and fell at the same time, the prosecutor undermost; and immediately on his getting up, the prosecutor called out, said he was robbed of his pocket-book, and at first charged the witness with taking it. But on witness telling him he could shew he was a man of character and credit, and not of a description to be guilty of such a crime, the prosecutor begged his pardon, and charged the defendant. He believes the pocket-book and property were lost at the time, because he saw them with the prosecutor. He stood in the door-way, saying, no one should pass until the robber was found; the witness said, he was very right, and that every one ought to stand a search. There was one of the men present at the scuffle, who made himself busy about the prosecutor in lifting him up when he was down, and this person was missing, for he made his escape backwards, by jumping over the wall. Witness did not hear the charge given to the watchman, nor did he hear the cry of—"Run! run!" when the defendant went away.

Two waiters from the Long Room proved their having seen part of the affray, and swore that the first blow they saw given came from the prosecutor; but they saw no person but the defendant touch the prosecutor after he fell.

Mr. Justice Mainwaring summed up the evidence, and charged the Jury, who had previously been addressed to evidence both by Mr. Const and Mr. Gurney; and, after a short consultation, they found the defendant guilty of the assault. He was sentenced to a fine of Forty Shillings, which he paid forthwith, and was discharged out of Court.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane.

MRS. JORDAN's FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON.

MRS. JORDAN came forward, on Monday evening, January 2, at this theatre, for the first time this season; and was received by a full and brilliant house, with every mark of public favour due to her unrivalled talents. She chose

chose for her *debut* the character of Peggy, in the Country Girl, and performed it with all that genuine humour and natural feeling which have for so many years placed her beyond competition in this line of acting. The scene in which her Guardian compels her to write to Belville, was exquisitely managed, and produced reiterated plaudits.

Mrs. Jordan performed Emma Woodland, in the Marriage Promise, on Wednesday; and Rosalind, in As You Like It, on Friday.

CINDERELLA;

OR,

THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

ON Tuesday evening, the 3d instant, was presented, for the first time, a Grand Allegorical Pantomimic Spectacle, called Cinderella; or, the Little Glass Slipper: the characters of which were as follow:—

IMMORTALS.

Hymen	Master Byrne
Cupid	Master Oscar Byrne
Venus	Mrs. Mountain
Nymph, commissioned by Venus	Miss Tyrer
Graces	Miss B. Menage Miss Searle Miss Bristow

MORTALS.

Prince	Mr. Byrne
Pedro, Servant to the Sisters	Mr. Grimaldi
Sisters	Mrs. Byrne Miss Vining
Cinderella	Miss De Camp

With a variety of other Pantomimic Characters.

The story of Cinderella is so well known, that it would be superfluous to give an account of the Fable of this piece, if it were not for the additions which have been made to it, in order to render it fit for dramatic representation. In its original state, the materials were too scanty. The additional part is derived from the Heathen mythology. Venus, who is introduced instead of the Fairy, resenting that the Prince, who is the hero of the piece, should have devoted himself to Diana and the Chase, orders the Graces to entangle him in a net; and he is brought before her in a magnificent temple, in which she has been reposing, and which is the opening scene. The Prince obstinately resists all their efforts, till at last Cupid, aiming a shaft at his heart, and the image of a beautiful woman being presented to him, he is at length captivated. This image is withdrawn, and he is left in restless anxiety. The Prince invites a large company to a splendid ball, and the sisters of Cinderella are summoned to it by Cupid, in the disguise of a Page. Soon after, the little God disguises himself like a beggar, and enters with the Nymph employed by Venus to guide the fortune of Cinderella. The Nymph appears like an old woman, and they both solicit charity of the proud sisters, but are sent away with disdain. Cinderella is soon after discovered in the kitchen, and is treated with scorn and cruelty by her sisters. Pedro, their servant, when they are gone to the ball, takes pity on Cinderella, and brings her better fare than had been ordered for her by her cruel sisters. Just as she is going to feast on it, Cupid and the Nymph enter in the same disguise, and implore her charity. She immediately resigns her repast, and the two superior Beings then throw off their disguise, and remove the humble garb of Cinderella, to prepare her for the ball. The Pumpkin, according to the old tale, is changed

changed into a superb car; and the Mice, into six beautiful ponies, richly caprisoned. Cinderella is drawn in state, with a splendid retinue, to the Prince's palace, who discovers in her the nymph whose image had charmed him in the Temple of Venus. She is made the partner of his throne, and joins with him in a dance. The hour of twelve draws nigh, and Pedro, who attended in the habit of a Lord, which he assumes by command of the female agent employed by Venus, gives Cinderella notice that the time of departure is at hand. She is so charmed with the delights of the place, that she disregards the warning till the clock strikes, and then hurries away, but loses her splendid attire before she leaves the palace; and is thrust out by some of the attendants. In her hurry, she leaves her Glass Slipper; and a proclamation is in consequence made, importing, that the Prince will marry the person whom it fits. Many ladies, and, among others, the arrogant sisters, try the Slipper, but in vain; till at length Cinderella, in her mean dress, is brought in, and it is found to fit her exactly. She then produces the other Slipper, and appears in her former rich habit. The Prince takes her hand, under the guidance of Cupid, and Hymen sanctions the union. She forgives her sisters; and the piece closes with a splendid and picturesque grouping of the several characters.

Cinderella is one of the most magnificent spectacles that can well be imagined. It was received with the highest approbation by an overflowing audience.

It has been performed every night since, with increasing applause; and will, no doubt, maintain its attraction as a spectacle, and continue so to do, not only for the present, but through many future seasons.

THE OPERA.

THE new Opera, brought to this country by Signora Grassini, was in part rehearsed on Wednesday, the 4th instant, at the King's Theatre. Grassini herself attended on this occasion, and warbled her airs in such a manner, as to shew that she is a very good musician; but, as usual in rehearsals, did not exert the full powers of her voice. Her person is very striking, and she is what is called a fine woman, without being critically handsome.

The new Opera was composed by Andreossi. It is a very grand composition altogether; but, judging from the first act, it is likely to be rather too long. Curtailments, however, will doubtless be made in the progress of the rehearsals.

DANGEROUS PRESCRIPTION IN THE SPORTING DICTIONARY.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE ventured to submit to you a few observations on what I conceived a mistaken idea, of some importance, in this work of Mr. Taplin's. It is given under the head of an article of medicine. I have endeavoured to prove that the effects produced by that medicine are not as Mr. T. asserts; and I hope its superior quality as a remedy in many cases being hinted at, it will be brought into more general use. If you will give it a place in your Magazine, you will oblige a constant reader and well-wisher,

P. I.

IN perusing that publication, a work which certainly contains much pleasing

pleasing and instructive information, and which cannot fail being a great acquisition to the library of every sportsman, I discovered an error in the medical department, which, from the author's well earned professional celebrity, I was astonished to hear so confidently asserted, upon such shallow grounds; particularly as he has ever strongly declaimed against medical opinions, unsupported by experience, as only calculated to lead men into dangerous mistakes. —I allude to the article, Tartar Emetic, which he pronounces (as administered to the horse) to be "one of the most prostituted medicines in the Materia Medica," and it appears solely upon this foundation "that when administered to the human frame, by men of the most learned, distinguished, and experienced ability, with a design of producing the forcible effect of a strong emetic, has never exceeded six or seven, or in truly critical cases of dangerous emergency, eight grains may have been given; ten grains have been known to operate so violently as to excite convulsions; twelve to occasion death." I know nothing, pertaining to the administration of animal medicine, that more deserves the name of unfounded hypothesis than a conclusion drawn of the hurtful effect which an article must produce, from its known action on the human frame. A public assertion or statement, either in praise of, or stating the demerits of a particular remedy upon the horse, should have absolute facts of its action upon the animal, to support it; without it, no man has a right to publish an opinion, particularly in so confident a manner as Mr. T. has; who, solely because twelve grains will kill a human being, warns the public to be guarded against its effects, if "*secretly* brought into use by practitioners of *little knowledge*, and *less celebrity*; who, knowing no more of its preparation than its name, know less of its *effects* than its preparation." In another place, he says—"Amidst such incontrovertible facts," alluding to the 12 grains, "it naturally becomes a serious consideration, that men, knowing nothing of the property of medicine, should have the unrestrained privilege and permission to use articles of so much dangerous magnitude, not only without knowing their basis, preparation, and peculiar properties, but without the power of prognosticating their probable effects."

The justice of this remark, in many instances, every man, who has given the subject the least attention, must certainly allow. It is to be lamented that it is so truly applicable to many of those to whose care diseased horses are intrusted; but I must certainly differ in opinion, when he applies it to Tartar Emetic, as far as any dangerous consequences are to be apprended from the general mode of its administration, which undoubtedly was brought into use by men who were acquainted both with its *basis* and *preparation*; though, as in all other things, their example has been followed by many who know no more of it than its name.

But, to quote Mr. T. again—"It is a circumstance worthy the attention of those possessing a number of horses, either for business or pleasure, who consequently must have some occasionally labouring under disease, how far it may be proper, safe, and consistent, to give a horse half an ounce of Tartar Emetic at one dose; which, according to the above ascertained facts, will, if divided accurately into equal proportions, (and experiments made) take away the lives of twenty men."

I will not pretend to say, that Mr. T. knows "no more of its preparation

ration than its name;" but, from what he says, I have every reason to doubt his knowledge of its *effects* upon the horse; and did not I know him to be a "practitioner of much knowledge and great celebrity," and did not the general tenor of his medical disquisitions contradict the conjecture, I should really conceive, from what he here holds forth, that he knew nothing of the constitutional strength and economy of the animal whose disease he professes to investigate. The expression of *half an ounce* and *one* dose, in Italics, leads me to suppose that gentleman never made the experiment in a smaller quantity; had he done it, I am confident he would have found it both *safe*, *proper*, and *consistent* to have increased it; for if you give to one horse a dram of Tartar Emetic, and to another half an ounce of oatmeal, the effect in both will be found to be pretty similar. Nor is it so much to be wondered at, that a horse can take with safety at one dose what would destroy twenty men, if we consider the numerous severe operations which so many are obliged to submit to without producing any permanent bad effect.

I think it would make a medical man, ignorant of the subject, shudder to give a horse one ounce and a half of Barbadoes Aloes at a dose, yet he would find it prescribed by Mr. Taplin, in the first volume of his Stable Directory, in the prescription marked No. 4; and I think the administration of too strong purgatives to be attacking the constitution of a horse in its weakest point, which arises from the length and irritability of the intestinal canal, and the second stomach formed by the apex of the cœcum, rendering it particularly liable to inflammation and mortification, of which practical experience daily affords proofs.

What man would be able to bear a twentieth part of the pain of firing upon all fours, and the application of a blister, as soon as the inflammation begins to subside.

Nicking is another proof of what a horse's constitution can bear, as well as the strong caustic applications, which are made use of for the cure of pole evils and fistulas.

To shew the astonishing strength of the stomach, I have only to mention a case of an experiment which was made upon a horse destined for slaughter; in which—beginning with an ounce, and gradually increasing it for a little better than a week—eight ounces of white vitriol were given in one day, without the least ill effect;—one grain is sufficient to act as a vomit to the human subject. Many, I expect, will not credit this assertion. There is a gentleman, who fills a high situation as a veterinarian, not far distant from London, who can vouch for the fact.

This (if I may use the expression) insensibility of the stomach may in some degree be accounted for from its peculiar structure, half of it being lined by a cuticle, totally insensible, possessed of very little vascularity, and performing no secretion.

But, to come to the point, and laying aside all reasoning from analogy, I here am authorized to say, from what I have seen myself, and been told by practitioners of celebrity, on whom I can certainly depend, that, so far from half an ounce of Tartar Emetic producing a hurtful effect, it is constantly made use of in doses of half an ounce twice a day, and in some cases continued for a week or a fortnight; and in inflammations of the lungs, colds, simple and symptomatic fevers, combined with medicines of a diuretic quality, in such cases, there are no remedies from which better effects can be expected. It forms one of the best alteratives for the mange, slight

 grease,

grease, wind-bound, and both kinds of surfeit; in short, whenever antimonials are wanted, I am convinced this is the most efficacious of any. It has an immediate tendency to correct any acrimonious state of the blood; it determines the blood to the skin; and, if assisted by warm-clothing, helps to get rid of the acrimony by perspiration, and at the same time strengthens the tone of the stomach. In inflated lungs, one ounce at a dose is recommended; in other cases, three drams, or half an ounce twice a day.

If Mr. T. will go to the utmost of what I have said, and try an ounce, I will answer for it that, though a horse "has not the power to regulate and throw off the offending consequence by vomit," yet he will not find him "ready to burst with the effervescent conflagration raised within."

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Continued from Page 114.)

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Goody Cubate's Letter to the Huntsman—Description of her Family, her Fowls, &c. &c. with an earnest entreaty to the Squire to permit the Hounds to discover and destroy the voracious Fox, who had been the cause of her recent Distress—Miss Trippet reads what she has written—The Postscript, &c.—Kitty dispatched to the Post-Office.

DEAR SIR,

PRAY surmount your patients, and be so good as to excise your loving kindness, till I can tell you the most malankoliest and most plorablest story that you shall wish to hear. This letter come from a poor woman, and a widow, and I am she; and I have known and do know, a world of sorrow and trouble, and flictions, greaterer and more normous than ever fell to the lot and share of a poor woman before. I have had nine children born and christianed, and all of um as fine babes as ever the sun shined upon, six lovely boys, and three fine blooming girls; and Heavens be thanked and praised, I believe that they are all alive at this present day; but that I am not quite sartan about, for four of my boys are soldiers. They was from their very cradle magramurous in their dispurgitions, and as royal as any hadmiral or kaptan on the face of the earth; so nothing would do, or serve their turn, or give them any satisfaxshun, but serving the king his majesty. I said to them all four—My dear boys, said I, you are every mother's son of you born and bred haroes, and you have all of you got perssesshun of karagous hearts, and your karagous hearts and magramurous spirits shall never be warted or controuled by me, your loven mother. I love my king and country too well for that, said I. Fight for them both, my dear boys, said I again, and I say God bless and prosper them both. Amen, said their dear father, my loving and kind husband; for he was as quiet and as pains-taking a man as ever lay by the side of a woman. So four of my dear boys volunturly listed all on one and the same day; and all four of um into the most noblest and grandiest company of the grannydears; for they was every soul of um six foot high, but Bob, and he wanted no more than half an inch. Oh, Sir, you can never think how it does my poor heart good when I can set eyes upon um; for I do admire a fine

fine man and a soldier, and thank Heaven I bred no dwarfs; for even my girls are lofty, and as strait as arrows. But I am left alone, with only my youngest daater Kitty. My poor dear husband is dead, and I am an old woman as you must think and believe. Yet I have made shift, and got on pretty well: notwithstanding all my losses, and all my troubles, I paid every body scot and lot, and never wronged any body of a penny. I never made no lamerations nor complainings, nor bewailed, nor mourned my hard siteration and condition; for I hate weeping and wailing. Then I never so much as axt the parish for a single penny; but I workt, and my girl workt, and we was sparing and fugal as well as notable; so that I made ends and ends to meet, paid my rent at quarter-day, and thank Heaven we never knew what it was to want a belly full, and I and my girl was as contented and as happy as all the birds in the wood, and my old heart was as lite as a feather. I detest a dunghill breed, whose hearts pondrate to their heels, and have always kept my heart above my girdle. I have been evermore tite and decent, and clean, though I say it, and have a spare gown and apron to slip on when I go to church or to speak to a neighbour. Now, dear Sir, you must be very sure and sartan that I could never do all these things of myself alone. No, Sir, I had my helps; but those helps are ravished and stolen from me. Here begin my woes, and my misfortunes, and here I must complain and lament, and cry aloud for help, for justice, for vengeance, and for talliation You must know, dear Sir, that I have always been as famus for my breed of hens and chickens, and as much admired and renowned on that account, as on that of my fine six-foot children. You might ride from London to York, and never see nor meet such a fine family as my was; and you might ride back again, and never see nor meet with such a set of beautiful and well-bred poultry as my was. They was the darlings of my heart, and the pride of my life, and the support of my old age; they was gazed at and admired by every body far and near; gentleman after gentleman have made quirations about them, and have stood stone still by the half hour together to hear my chanteleer crow. Oh! he was the most finest, the most beautifullest, the gallantest strutting fellow you ever set your eyes upon; every body loved him, but I doated upon him. Half-a-crown and five shilling a-head have I had many's the time for his precious prorogy, and which was trained up for the field of battle, and they was evermore victorous, or else they dyd in the bed of honour; for not one of my dear chanteleer's breed would turn tail to run away. Then the fine and great ladies gave me almost as much for my pollets, and whatever I axt for my eggs, and never made a word about it. Now these things rejoiced my heart, and made me as proud as any thing. But 'tis all over, and I am undone by the artful, cunning, rapturous fox; sly raynard carried off all my fine hens this very last night that ever past over my head; and what is more worser, he carried away my beautiful chantelleer, the glory of the whole earth, the pride of my life, the delight and comfort of my very soul; and my poor heart is just ready to break and burst at the loss, which you would never wonder at, if you knew my chantelleer. His sweet notes made all the fields and groves to ring: I miss him every hour of the night, and every minute of the whole day long: how the dear fellow would parrade about

about my poor house, and stand by my side to harken to the ditties and love songs that I larnt in my youth. He loved his poor old dame, and his poor old dame loved and doated upon him. You see my sorrows and losses, Sir; therefore I beg and pray, and beseech you to pity and missarate my misfortunes and hardships, and be so good and so bleeging as to let your worshipful master the Square to know of all I have said, and how hardent my wishes and longings are to see you this way, with the pretty hounds and horses, to hunt my varrashous enemy, the thievish fox, to death, and bring him to condarine punishment for all his old rogeries and thievish tricks. This is my most humblest petishun and supplation, and I pray you to pardon me this boldness and liberality, that shall pray for you till death; and believe me, I am your most humblest and infectionable sarvant,

GOODY CUBATE.

"Now, my dear Miss," said Goody, "will you condense to the trouble of reading what you have taken so many pains to write, and then I shall hear how I like it, and if I have said enough."

Miss Trippet read the curious epistle, and said, "Indeed, Goody, it is vastly clever, and some folks that I know would give any thing to be able to send such a letter."

"Then you think it will do," said Goody, "and that it has a beginning, a middle, and a finish, as it ought to have, and must have, to be good; for my master knew all about such things, and he would say, all litral pursitions must have a beginning, a middle, and a finish, or they are good for nothing."

"I know nothing about that," said Miss Trippet: "but, nevertheless, here is the beginning, 'Dear Sir,' and here is the finish, 'Goody Cubate.' As to the middle, that may be found out by counting the lines; but the quickest way would be to measure it."

"You are perfectly right," said Goody; "but we wont trouble our heads about the matter. There it is, Miss; but 'tis not quite the thing now; you must add a porstscape, to tell him where I live: for if we dont inform him of that, how should the huntsman know where to come to, or how should his master, the Squire, know where to send him?"

"But wont that make it a double letter?" asked Miss.

"O no, by no means," said Goody. "Why, it will be the genteeler and more parlite for that; every body write porstscapes to their letters, though they have no acasions upon earth for it. I can tell you moreover than that, Miss, that it is the fashion to make only P. S. for porstscape; but I hate all constractions, and must beg that you will write it full, as it ought to be."

PORSTSCAPE.

I the Widow Cubate live hard by Quickset Farm, about half a mile from Broadroom Hall, and in the parish of Bushby. And the old varashous fox is said to harbour about Cropley Wood, from whence he rushed out in the night to commit his thieving deperashuns. But I need say no more; for you to be sartan know every wood and field, gap and gate-way, about that place, as well as I know my own doorway. So no more from your sarvant, the almost broken-hearted

WIDOW CUBATE.

"There," said Goody, "now it will do; so pray perscribe it, and put in a black wafer; for it is a mournful letter, and carries mortal intellegence, the death and destruction

struction of six the most faithfullest servants that ever poor woman was mistress over."

Kitty was then dispatched with the letter to the post.

(To be continued.)

THE

VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

READING in your entertaining Magazine various descriptions of female loquacity, &c. it reminded me of a ramble in a distant county. Should it not deviate too much from your general plan of sporting intelligence, the following description of a Village Schoolmistress, with a few observations, are at your disposal. Yours, &c.

WALTER WORMWOOD.

Norfolk, Jan. 1804.

IN a rustic village, about 117 miles north of London, stands the mouldering remains of an ancient family seat, in one corner of which lived the subject of these memoirs: the other parts were converted into lumber rooms, hen roost, and piggery. Here Mrs. Deborah Picklebirch had resided for many years, a virgin chaste as the falling snow. Before she attained the age of twenty, she commenced schoolmistress to the surrounding offspring of rustic labourers. In her latter days, she had the misfortune to be nearly blind, which laid her under the necessity of having her nephew, Master Peter Picklebirch, constantly with her, in training to the important station of usher to his aunt's school. In the same village lived a worthy dealer in galenicals, Mr. ——, who received regularly the County Chronicle; and Mrs. Deborah being fond of news, was not a little gratified by the journeyman of Mr. —— letting her see the paper now and then. His master being on a visit one day, gave Mrs. P. an opportunity to take it home with her as soon as it arrived. She having a large hole in her pudding-bag to mend that day, in order to lose no time, Peter was called to read the news with an audible voice to his aunt, an office Peter had never before attained. After Mrs. Picklebirch had held up the rod, as a token of silence, Peter, stammering in a psalm-singing tone, read as follows—

"A copy of the devil to pay when Mr. Windham eat—Mr. Addington with all the volunteers—after tossing two old women into a barber's shop—having connection—with all the Privy Council under the direction—of Bonny Patty—murdering thousands, and —— ——"

"Bless my soul, child!" exclaimed Mrs. P. "what terrible news is that in London: give me the paper that I may endeavour to see it." When she found that poor Peter had made a cross reading, and blundered through the whole width of the paper—"Here child," said she, shewing the paper to Peter, "these black lines must never be skipped over; you must always read down the column in this manner;"—when she, in a similar tone, read—

"Extraction of a letter from Parish.—Last Monday evening hocur'd, which though well hattest-erd, is known to few Parsons as Physic in the Morn, was making his escape from the house of Harris, he was sized by a Sam Cullit, drag'd before the Contention, and in

in the evening an end was put to his miseries with a giblet pye."

This was, read by way of example to Peter. The sense of it being totally lost, it will be necessary to give the above paragraph correctly—

"Extract of a letter from Paris.—Last Monday an event occurred which, though well attested, is known to few persons. As Feleʀina of La Maine was making his escape from the house of arrest, he was seized by a sans cullotte, dragged before the Convention, and in the evening an end was put to his misery with the guillotine."

Thus some idea may be formed of village education and politics. To assist the general information, the Johns and Toms of the village, after leaving the plough, often subscribe a halfpenny each to hear Mrs. P. read the London news, ere they assemble round the blacksmith's forge to crack their nuts and jokes. Some excuse is to be made for defects of sight, but none for the pride of Mrs. Deborah Picklebirch, whose affectation of being thought learned, would never suffer her to repeat, spell, or boggle, at any word in presence of her hearers. News from abroad must have been a strange jumble. A letter from Luxemburg, was sure to be Loughboro; from Montaine, Manchester; from Brussels, Bristol; Fountainville, the Fountain Inn; late Louis de Capet, Leg of Mutton and Capers.

When such is the specimen of some of the village schoolmistresses, we need never wonder at the want of rational knowledge in the humble peasant, when two-thirds of them, after being discharged as educated, have not known how to spell the village they were born in, and are ignorant of the last letter of their Christian names.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CASSADA WORM, OR FLY-CARRIER.

An intelligent member of the American Philosophical Society—M. Baudry des Lozieres—has enabled us to present to the public the following interesting memoir on Animal Cotton, and the insect which produces it. Every inhabitant of the West Indies, says this gentleman, knows and dreads the greedy worm which devours their indigo and cassada plantations; it is called by them the Cassada-worm; by others the Fly-carrier; and is produced like the Silk-worm, from eggs scattered by the mother after the metamorphosis into a whitish butterfly. The egg is hatched about the end of July, when the animal is decked with a robe of the most brilliant and variegated colours. In the month of August, when about to undergo its metamorphosis, it strips off its superb robe, and puts on one of a beautiful sea-green, which reflects all its various shades, according to the different undulations of the animal, and the accidents of light. This new decoration is the signal for its tortures. Immediately, a swarm of ichneumon flies assail, and drive their stings into the skin of their victim, over the whole extent of its back and sides, at the same time slipping their eggs into the bottom of the wounds they have made.

Having performed this dreadful operation, the flies disappear, and the patient remains for an hour in a motionless state, out of which it awakens to feed with great voracity. Then his size daily increases till the time of his hatching the ichneumon flies. The eggs deposited are hatched at the same moment, and the cassada is instantly covered with

with a thousand little worms. They issue out of him at every pore, and that animated robe covers him so entirely, that nothing can be perceived but the top of his head. As soon as the worms are hatched, and without quitting the spot where the eggs are, which they have broke through, they yield a liquid gum, which, by coming into a contact with the air, is rendered slimy and solid. Each of these animaculæ works himself a small cocoon, in the shape of an egg, in which he wraps himself, thus making, as it were, his own winding sheet. They seem to be born but to die. These millions of cocoons all close to each other, and the formation of which has not taken two hours, form a white robe, and in this the Cassada-worm appears elegantly clothed. While they are thus decking him, he remains in a state of almost lethargic torpidity.

As soon as the covering is woven, and the little workmen, who have made it, have retired and hidden themselves in their cells, the worm endeavours to rid himself of his guests, and of the robe which contains them. He comes out of the inclosure, deprived of all his former beauty, in a state of decrepitude, exhausted and threatened with approaching death. He shortly passes to the state of a chrysalis; and, after giving life to thousands of eggs, suddenly loses his own, leaving to the cultivator an advantage which may be so improved as to more than compensate the ravages which he occasions. In about eight days, the little worms contained in the cocoons are metamorphosed into flies, having four wings. Their antenæ are long and vibrating; some have a tail; others do not shew it. They feed upon small insects of the family of Acarus, and evidently belong to the ichneumon tribe.

The cotton shell, or wrapper, is of a dazzling white; and, as soon as the flies have quitted the cocoon, it may be used without any preparatory precaution. It is made up of the purest and finest cotton; there is no refuse, no inferior quality in it; every part is as fine and beautiful as can be imagined.

M. Des Lozieres—the author of this Memoir—urges the Americans to preserve, and endeavour to increase the Fly-carrier in the same manner, and for similar purposes, that the breed of the Silk-worm is encouraged. He declares that he has frequently seen so abundant an harvest of the animal cotton, that in the space of two hours he could collect the quantity of one hundred pints, French measure; and there seems to him no doubt that it will stand the competition with silk, and vegetable cotton: these, when applied to wounds, serve only to inflame and envenom; but the animal cotton may be used as lint, without the smallest inconvenience.

CONFLICT
BETWEEN
A SAILOR AND A SHARK.

ABOUT the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, Captain John Beams, commander of the York merchant-ship, arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having disembarked the last part of his loading, which was coals, the sailors, who had been employed in that dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves: there they had not been long, before a person on board espied a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger; upon which they swam back, and reached the boat all but one; him the monster overtook al-

most within reach of the oars, and griping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of his body. The remaining part was taken up, and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship for the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of all such endearing offices as implied an union of sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with an horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search after the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board—he alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself in the same grave, he plunged into the deep, armed with a sharp pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him but he made furiously towards him, both equally eager—the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws his adversary, dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself over-matched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form, now stained with his own streaming blood, above the foaming waves. The crew of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which the streams of blood issued; till at length the shark, much weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror; who, flushed with the assurance of victory, pushes his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his belly, and unites and buries the severed body of his friend in one hospitable grave.

BOXING.

BURKE & THE GAME CHICKEN.

WIMBLEDON COMMON, which has been the scene of various doughty exploits, where Belcher has fought many a well-contested round, and where the celebrated Abershaw hangs in chains, was, on Monday the 23d instant, the Campus Martius of the metropolis. A match had been long in agitation with the amateurs of pugilism, between Burke, the veteran bruiser, and a young man from Bristol, named Pearce, but better known by the flattering appellation of The Game Chicken. The sum staked was one hundred pounds; ninety to be the property of the victor, and the remaining ten appropriated as a *sterling* consolation to the vanquished.

The news spread like wild-fire; and by seven o'clock in the morning, every avenue to the scene of action was thronged with travellers of various descriptions; coaches, chaises, curricles, tandems, and buggies, were opposed by sand carts, dust carts, mules, asses, and donkies; the finest flowers of *road* rhetoric were culled during the expedition; and, had Demosthenes been living, the roaring of the sea could not have afforded him so fine a lesson of *mob elocution*.

At eleven o'clock, a ring was formed

formed upon the highest part of the common, near Combe Wood; but the judicious bruisers, understanding that it was in a parish wherein they were liable to be molested, the word was given to form another near the telegraph, and a scene of confusion ensued impossible to be described. It was a race of about two thousand persons, some on horseback, others on foot—some in carriages, others in carts—to the wished-for spot; where, about half past eleven, a ring was formed, comprising nearly an irregular acre. The *gentlemen* who were so happy as to occupy a front row were compelled to sit down—the second row knelt—the third, fourth, fifth, &c. stood (all with hats off); next came the horsemen, and afterwards the carriages, universally covered with outside passengers.

At a quarter before twelve, Burke and the Game Chicken stripped. Burke appeared the taller man, much longer in the reach, and the muscular connection of his limbs conveyed an idea of irresistible strength; his eye too glared with indignant ferocity. The Game Chicken seemed to be about five feet eight inches; the conformation of his chest and limbs brought to recollection the athletic make of the deceased Johnson: his square shoulders, ample bosom, nervous arms, swelling thighs, and firm-set legs, encouraged his backers to vociferate the odds of seven to four loudly in his favour.

At precisely eleven minutes before twelve, they set to, Burke having Owen for his second, and Paddington Jones for his bottle holder; and the Chicken experiencing similar assistance from Bill Gibbons and Caleb Baldwin.

On setting to, the Chicken was cautious in opposing himself indirectly against superior strength, and Burke acted from instructions which he had received, not to rush upon his opponent. They at length closed, and fell together. The odds two to one against Burke, the same as at the commencement.

Second Round.—Burke contested this round sharply, but being hit towards the close, a severe blow on the forehead, was in the act of falling, when the Chicken ran in upon him, and threw him.

Third Round.—Some sharp hitting took place, Burke bled much, and was thrown at the conclusion of the round. No knock down blows had taken place.

Fourth and Fifth Rounds—were nearly the same; a great deal of manœuvring to induce each other to strike.

Sixth Round.—The Chicken put in the first blow as usual, and had it returned by Burke, which brought him to the ground on one knee.

The Seventh and following Rounds, to the Eleventh inclusive—were fought much in the same style as the former, the Chicken almost invariably being under the necessity of attempting to make the first hit, which he followed up with some very hard blows.

From the Eleventh to the Fifteenth Round—the odds increased four to one against Burke, more from the disadvantage in his mode of fighting, than from the severity of the blows he had received, or the distress he exhibited; he had greatly prevented the latter by fighting shy. But now, in proportion as he got pricked by the Chicken, he got intemperate, and fought round. It was, however, observed by all, that Burke took great pains to gain the day.

From the Fifteenth to the Twentieth Round—it was evident that Burke's strength was wasting; he bled copiously at the nose, and now and then could not help rushing upon his opponent, which was sure

 to

to bring his head in contact with the Chicken's fist. When Burke closed, he was not more fortunate; and the amateurs, seeing all hope on his side was over, betted in many places twenty to one; and several bets were made that he could not stand another round.

Twenty-first Round. — Burke was desperate, rushed upon the Chicken, missed him, and fell without a blow: the Chicken held up both his hands in triumph.

Twenty second Round.—Burke received a complete knock down blow from the Chicken's left hand whilst rallying him.

Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Rounds—were surprisingly contested by Burke, considering his situation, and it was expected that, four rounds before, he must have given in.

From the Twenty fourth to the Twenty-eighth Round, which was the last—Burke was often advised to give it in. The Chicken fought the last round as gay as the first, and never appeared distressed throughout the battle. When Burke was desired to give in, the last round, he requested to try another, but he was opposed, and at length, though reluctantly, yielded the palm of victory.

Burke was carried in a helpless condition to a hackney coach: his face was shockingly swelled and cut, and his body experienced so many violent blows, that the effects must be extremely prejudicial. The battle lasted one hour seventeen minutes and a half, but did not afford much pleasure to the spectators; being merely a repetition of unmeaning sparring and closing, without those straight blows and skilful guards which are esteemed the perfection of the art.

On driving off the ground, the Chicken let down the glass of the coach, and challenged Picton the Jew to fight for 200 guineas, which we understand is likely to be accepted.

A dustman, named Seabrook, was next encouraged, by the promise of L.4, to enter the lists against the celebrated and invincible George Maddocks. He stood to three rounds, but at last got such a stomacher, that he gave in, saying he had broke his arm, though, when he touched the *cole*, he roundly swore there was no harm done.

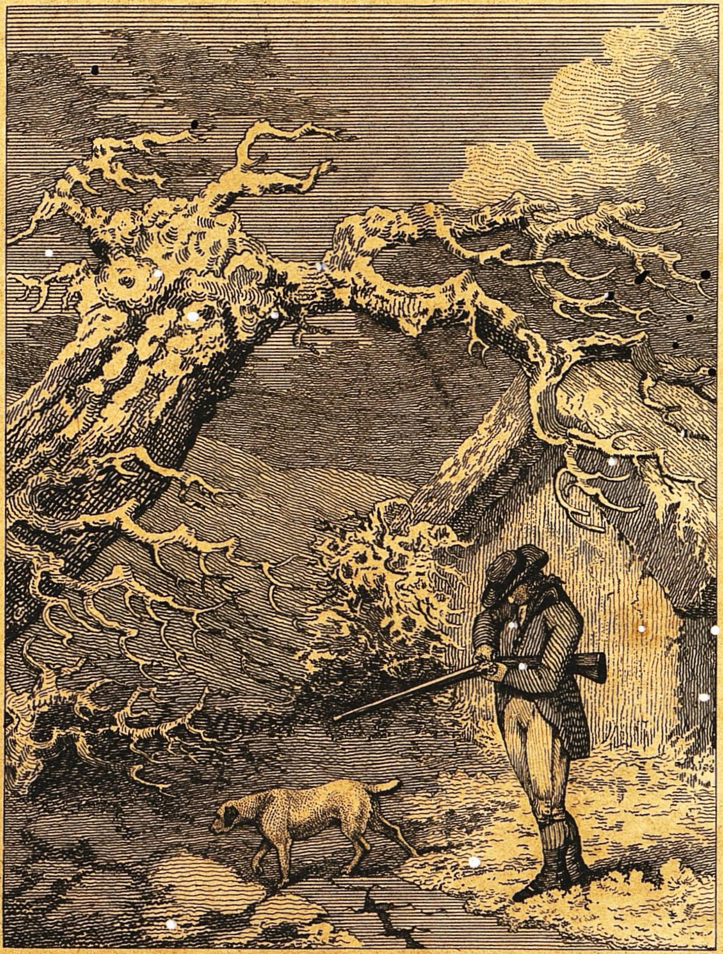
A third battle was immediately made up between George Maddocks and a black servant, reported to be in the service of Lord Camelford. At stripping there was a singular contrast in their skins, which were "black and white like the keys of a harpsichord."—In the first and second rounds Massa had the advantage; but in the third, George gave him so violent a blow in the eye, or, in the technical phrase, so *queered his ogle*, that Mungo could not endure any more *tumpers*; and, though he commenced as a *black*, was compelled to retire with a tinge of the *blue*.

The gymnastic games closed at three o'clock, and till six the roads to the metropolis were crowded with the admirers of fisty-cuffs. A gig and a cart were turned over, which somewhat incommoded the ring. Regularity was, however, soon restored by the exertions of Wood the coachman, who fought away *pedibus manibusque*.

SHOOTING.

THIS slight fancied Etching, is from the design of a celebrated artist. The Sportsman will not require any explanation, as it explains itself. We mean this description of Plates as contrasts to the more finished Engravings of our work.

THE



Shooting.

Pub. Jan. 8. 1804, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE PASSIONS;

OR,

SPORTING SENSIBILITY TREBLE REFINED.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IT cannot be already out of the memory of your numerous readers, that about five or six years since a Mr. F. of considerable equestrian celebrity, found a limb of the law in a very *familiar* position with his wife; as well as that he horse-whipped both the paramour and the lady; turned the latter out of doors, and obtained a consolatory four hundred pounds damages of the aggressor for his transgression of the ecclesiastical law. A divorce may be remembered to have followed, and the plaintiff, not depressed by the horrors of his previous adventure, boldly entered the holy and happy state of matrimony again, in which he at present continues; the disgraced lady and her gallant renewing their connection and cohabiting together with, if possible, more than a conjugal affection. But strange as it is to report, still stranger to believe, this feminine piece of human frailty soon bid adieu to a favourite of such select perfection, and abruptly left him for a man of more than double his age, and the father of a family of six children; the eldest of whom, a son, two or three and twenty years of age, soon took her clandestinely from his father, and, to prevent her, as he conceived, from being forced from his arms, absolutely married her; and, for the more strict preservation of her virtue—or her character—placed her at a small village, near Worthing, in Sussex: from whence, only a few weeks since, she has disappeared; and that with a gentleman nearly as much advanced in years as "Old Kecksy," or "Justice Woodcock." Whether this versatility of parts is a species of the furor uterinus, your medical readers can best determine; for my own part, I can only exclaim with Shakespeare—"if you buy woman's flesh at a million a drachm, you cannot preserve it from tainting."

Your's most truly,

ARGUS.

Sweet Shop, Bond-Street,
January 25, 1804.

MRS. HAINES;

OR,

CRUMPETS EASY OF DIGESTION.

ON Tuesday, the 10th instant, died at Windsor, Mrs Haines, who had been an inhabitant of that town near forty years. Having acquired a competency, by a long continuance of the grocery business, she had some time since retired; and it should seem, not more to indulge in bodily ease, than to gratify the craving appetite of more substantial sensuality. She was always a remarkable hearty eater, and, on the Sunday preceding her death, was observed to consume more than half a roasted pig for her dinner; in three hours after which she demolished four crumpets with her tea; and the following morning annihilated four more at her breakfast: in the afternoon of which day she was attacked with a complaint in the stomach and bowels, which put a period to her existence at four o'clock on the Tuesday morning.

This fact might not have been worth recording, but that it may possibly prove an applicable *memento mori* to the mayors and aldermen of every city and corporation town in the kingdom.

MR.

MR. SPENCER.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT our old friend Spencer*, of acknowledged mirth, wit, and hospitality, should have breathed his last in a hackney coach, surrounded by a profusion of luxuries for the consumption of the following (Christmas) day, with his wife, then an invalid in the country; that his body should be laid out upon the bare pavement of Piccadily—being, as report says, refused admittance under any roof in that neighbourhood—and ultimately removed to the bone-house to be owned; serious as they are, they are no more than mere *bagatelles* in the great and variegated volume of this life: but that his being unattended to the grave—his last abode—by any part of that corps to whom he had, not a month before, given a Gold Medal, value fifty guineas, to be shot for; and that on the very morning after his funeral an advertisement should appear in the morning prints, announcing the widow's intention of carrying on the business, and that the first meeting of "friendship and harmony" would be held at the house on the Monday sennight; open a wide field for reflection, and induces the contemplative to ruminate upon the very slender partition between the enjoyments of to-day, and the uncertainties of to morrow. If his life was not brilliant, it was well known to have been truly philanthropic; he was a friend to all, and an enemy to none. What is somewhat remarkable, he has been known, when in high health and spirits, to have observed—"that life has been found in many instances too long, and he hoped he should never live to encounter the disquietudes of old age." Every wise and prudent man is probably of the same way of thinking, particularly if he gives himself time to recollect what some author has beautifully depicted—"that ingratitude is so great a crime, that no individual has ever yet been known who would acknowledge himself to have been guilty of it." Your's,

A CASUAL OBSERVER.

DETECTION OF A GOOSE STEALER.

THE following curious circumstance led to the conviction of a goose-stealer at the late York sessions. When the man of Gowdale lost his goose, he was informed that a girl had been seen with one in a coal scuttle, going towards Snaith, and the following day proceeded to that place, where, after diligent inquiry, he found it roasting at the fire of the purchaser. How to swear to his goose, which was alive when taken, and now roasting, might have puzzled the most learned of the long robe; but, says he—"have you used the giblets?" and being answered in the negative, replied then—"if that goose be mine, *she's marked wi' th in-web o'th left leg, and th'outermost clea cut,*" which being produced turned out to be the case.

* Of the Garrick's Head, Bow Street. He was many years known to the public at Drury-lane Theatre, as the principal Harlequin; a character which he supported with peculiar activity, and with more of the traditional pantomimic knowledge of that character than any of its present representatives possess.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

TO those who wish to secede from their duty in Volunteer Corps, the following letter, which lately fell into our hands, by mere accident, may serve as a copy—

"Dr. Doctor, This comes to enform you, that the kernel of our Core will nut let me of from Voluntearin—So you wod oblige me by giving me a sartificate that I am inkepeble of sarving yours &c."

BON MOT.—At a Volunteer Dinner a few days ago, a question naturally arose upon *Tactics*. One of the parties said, that he must be right, because he had the opinion of Major ——— in his favour.—"This brings no conviction to my mind," said the other; "for, in the first instance, speaking logically, I deny your *Major*."

As a person, said to be a noted poacher on the manors of Worthen and Brockton, was shooting at a covey of partridges in the late fall of snow, the gun burst and took off two of the fingers of his left hand. On his return home, he was met by a neighbour, who observed his hand bleeding pretty freely, and inquired what was the matter? The other replied—"The gun has burst and blown off two of my fingers; but never mind that, mun, I ha' got the birds."

A ROMAN Catholic Curate, to free himself from the great labour of confessions in Lent, gave notice to his parishioners, that on Monday he should confess the *liars*; on Tuesday, the *misers*; on Wednesday, the *slanderers*; on Thursday, the *thieves*; on Friday, the *libertines*; and on Saturday, the *bad women*. His scheme succeeded—none attended.

A FORTNIGHT ago, a Country Paper mentioned a case of *arson*, in a boy setting fire to a factory at Manchester. The editor of a London Paper copied the paragraph with the following emendation—"A boy, named *Arson*, set fire to a factory."

THE Marquis of Lorn—as a Morning Paper informs us—is talked of as the intended husband of the rich heiress of the Child family. The punsters say, it is odd that such a *Child of fortune should be for-lorn*.

A BAKER and an Attorney lately having a dispute, Mr. *Dough* sent word to Mr. *Latitat*, that if he did not pay his bill, he would strike him off the *rolls*.

ON a very amiable lady, a few days since, presenting a suit of elegant colours to a Volunteer Corps in Lancashire, the Ensign, a gallant young Lancastrian, received the boon with ardent devotion, and replied—"Madam, I receive these colours

colours with sincere gratitude, and will defend them with fortitude; and, when au' th' silk's shot away, I'll bring you the pow (pole) whoam again."

A COMIC incident occurred on Monday night, the 22d instant, at Covent Garden Theatre. One of those loungers, who contrive to get in every evening, and prowl along the box lobbies in search of what they call *fun*, thought proper to force his way into a box which had already the usual compliment. A gentleman, previously in the box, politely requested him to go out, but the *funny* fribble immediately answered, in a fierce tone—"damme, Sir, I'll not leave my place, there's my card, I'm your man, *I'd call you out* in a moment." The gentleman remonstrated on this sudden attack; but a person in the next box, who knew the dushing *blade*, observed—"Don't be alarmed, Sir, he has no notion of *calling you out*, he'd much sooner *take you in*." The blade turned round in a fury, but recognising in the *observer* the Clerk of a Police Office, whom he had seen more than once, he immediately slunk away, and was followed by a general laugh.

HUMANITY OF PARISH OFFICERS.—A parish meeting, a few days since, at a village in Leicestershire, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the parish apothecary, and the following dialogue ensued—

Apothecary—Just stepped in, Mr. Overseer, to tell you that I delivered John Blunt's wife of twins this morning; and the poor creature is without every necessary of covering and bodily comfort.

Overseer.—She shan't have a rag or a morsel; John Blunt is an impudent rascal—only think, now, Churchwarden, *(in a whining tone of voice)* that such a *feller* as John Blunt should burthen the parish with two children at once.

Churchwarden.—Very wicked indeed!

Apothecary.—Must likewise inform you, Mr. Overseer, that the pauper brought to the workhouse with a pass from Yorkshire is so very ill, that if removed he will die; I therefore advise——

Overseer.—Nay now, good Mr. Gallipot (*sneering*), we pay you for your jalap, and want none of your advice—do we, Mr. Churchwarden?

Apothecary.—But the man will die, Sir!

Overseer.—And so must we all, Sir. I say, let him be removed; and if he lives till he gets into the next parish it is enough for us.

THE following lines were written on hearing Mrs. Second sing at Bath—

Of singers, the first the great Mara was reckon'd;
But 'tis now plainly proved, the *first* is the *Second*.
Then the *Second* is first—an *avis* quite *rara*—
As she vastly exceeds the fam'd Madam Mara.

A FOREIGNER who resided some time in London, says, that almost every street in the metropolis has a peculiar language:—a coat suspended on a peg in Monmouth-street, is called a *wall flower*—a small glass of gin in St. Giles's, a *Spencer*—and a Sheriff's officer in the purlieus of Carey-street, an *electrician*.

ENGLISH BULL.—A person went into a glover's shop a few days since, and asked for *grey* gloves without any *white* in them.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE renowned Leicestershire Hunt, which, under the name of "Meynell's Hunt," has uniformly maintained its superiority over the wide field of competition, has this year been unusually successful. Spite of the absence of some of its unrivalled Riders, still the names of Forrester and Cholmondeley must ever give ample scope to the ambition of those who, like the patterns we mention, would wish to be thought *Keen Riders*.

LORD FOLEY, in weight and eagerness, gives way to no one; but we miss from among us such people as Sir H. Featherstonehaugh, Lord Maynard, Lord C. Somerset, and the dashing Charles Wyndham.

THE Oxfordshire Hunt, conducted by Sir T. Mostyn, is but the shadow of what it was under the management of the Wardes and *Bob Forfeit*.

LORD SPENCER's hounds, now known by the name—as they are under the management—of the Wardes, has been unusually *slack*. This pack, which has ever been noted for *Vermin and Blood*, have scarcely killed one fox in ten.

THE Marchioness of Salisbury's beautiful Dwarf Fox Hounds both run and kill to the amazement as well as pleasure of the numerous field.

THE Hertfordshire Pack have the addition of Mr. Mellish and Mr. Jadis, who, for the purpose of sporting, have taken the very complete place of the late Mr. Bullock.

THE Duke of Grafton's high blooded and long-established pack are now given to the direction of Lord Southampton. They are now in Suffolk, having performed their duty in the early part of the season in Northamptonshire. Their return is not expected till February, when all that can be done by keen riding, and gentlemanly behaviour, is sure to be met with from the noble manager of the sport.

THE Oatlands' Stakes, for the next Newmarket Meeting, are, perhaps, the most likely to afford sport of any sweepstakes which have appeared for many years. So very excellently have they been handicapped, that not above two horses have paid forfeit; thereby declaring, that out of the number of thirty-two, scarcely one person was dissatisfied with the weight which his horse was appointed to carry. Such judgment as this must be very flattering to Lords Chedworth and H. Fitzroy, who fixed the weights.

ON the last Tuesday of last month, Mr. Eagle's fox-hounds threw off at Boxted-Hall, in the neighbourhood of Colchester, attended

tended by a numerous field, chiefly composed of the officers of the garrison. They found almost immediately, and went off with the fox in a very gallant style, and pressed him so hard, that in about twenty minutes he found it convenient to take shelter under ground. Fortunately for the sportsmen, he took up his quarters within a field of Squire Freeman's, well knowing that his larder was stored with the produce of his farm-yard, and that he possessed the hospitality for which our country Squires of old were so justly famed. After partaking of Mr. Freeman's good things, they drew the Langham Lodge Covers, and very soon had the pleasure to unkennel. Reynard, as if determined to make amends for the pusillanimous conduct of his neighbour, boldly dashed across one of the stiffest countries in Essex; and, notwithstanding the scent lay breast high, he led them a dance of three hours. By that time it was grown quite dark, which obliged Mr. Eagle to whip off the hounds.

The annals of fox-hunting do not furnish us with details of exploits which can be put in competition with those performed by that invincible legion of ten couple, which are known as the Hempsted Hounds. This little pack added one more laurel to its well earned fame on Monday the 9th instant; in the morning of which day, it was thrown off at Hempsted Wood, where finding immediately, Reynard took them in fine style to Spain's Wood, running between Finchingfield and Bardfield to Weathersfield Park Wood, bearing on the right to Toppesfield; when he headed back to Finchingfield Park Wood, from thence to Finchingfield, to Spain's Wood, when he again ran for protection to Hempsted Wood, where he was first found; but being very hard pressed by the hounds, found no rest, but ran for Bendish Hall Woods, and was killed within a mile of Ashen, on the borders of Cambridgeshire, after a run of three hours and twenty minutes, with only one check, and that of not more than a minute, covering a distance of at least forty miles. This very severe chase appears to have been a desperate trial of wind, strength, and speed, as but six horses out of forty were in at the death; one died before he reached home, and another soon after; added to which, six or eight horses are now in such a condition as not to be pronounced out of danger.

A short time since, a fox, which had been, apparently, very hard driven, was seen crossing Portfield, from the hills, and directing his course to a croft lying between the streets of St. Pancras and the Hornet, in the city of Chichester. Reynard having entered the croft, which was surrounded, except at the entrance, by a very high wall, a few tally-o's soon brought a great number of pedestrians to the spot. The entrance of the field having been safely barricaded against the four-legged animal's escape, a chase was commenced by as many of the two-legged specie as thought proper to engage in it; a more diverting one, we believe, was scarcely ever witnessed by the oldest fox-hunter in existence. Reynard at length fell a victim to his motley pursuers, and his brush was borne away in triumph by one of the fleetest of the pack.

Lord Hampden, and a party of his friends, last month started a hare about five miles from his Lordship's seat, at Glynde Place. After a chase of several hours, the poor animal

animal made a double towards his Lordship's house, and leaped through the parlour window, among a large party of ladies, who were anxiously waiting the return of the sportsmen.

Mr. Freestone's hounds lately trailed up a hare at Metfield, which ran through seven parishes in Suffolk, then crossed the river, and, after a chase of four hours and a half, was killed at Mendham, in Norfolk.

Sir Francis Boynton has offered to produce nine Yorkshire greyhounds that shall run all England for a hundred guineas, and five hundred guineas the main.

A coursing party lately met on the Duke of Rutland's manor, near the Side-hill, Newmarket, and had an excellent day's sport. Six brace of hares were coursed, and four brace killed, after several hard runs.

Lately died, at Mr. Jonas Athorn's, at Stanningley, Yorkshire, the celebrated brood mare Calash, aged twenty nine years. She was formerly the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and afterwards of Christopher Wilson, Esq. she was got by King Herod, her dam, Teresa, by Match'em, Regulus, &c. Calash was the dam of Paragon, Louisa, Whiskey, Aston, Kite, &c.

On Old Christmas evening, Mr. Crowe, of Plumstead, and a gentleman had been playing at cribbage; after spending the evening, Mr. C. asked his friend whether he had ever gotten the game in one hand, crib, and play?—his friend answered no; nor did he believe it could be done: Mr C. said it could by picking the cards. After some little debate, his friend said he would make a bet of a guinea it could not be done. After picking the cards, they played them; and Mr. C. got 78, and his friend, 32. Then his friend would like each should have a hand and crib, to see how many could be got. Mr. C. picked them again; he got the same number as before, and his friend 52; which the two hands and two cribs, with playing, made 130.

The recent *fracas* at Margate, between two Esculapian Professors, is likely to excite much mirth among the gentlemen of the *toga*, who, *lose* who may, are generally *winners*. The dispute arose upon a professional topic.—One of the gentlemen, hurt that a Veterinary Professor, or, in plain English, a Horse Doctor, should contend with him upon a surgical subject, told him he was as ignorant as a mule. This was so direct a hit between horse and ass, that the Veterinary Gentleman replied, by a twist of his adversary's nose, and a challenge to fight; to which the former demurred, and the Equine Professor rejoined by a severe drubbing with his cane—not a veterinary instrument, for that would have been a horsewhip.—However, the parties have adjourned the contest to the Court of King's Bench, and each has chosen a Special Attorney for his second. Lord Ellenborough, we have no doubt, will shew the combatants fair play; but the odds at starting are anti-veterinary.

N. Cannon, the driver of one of the Kentish stages, has a favourite cock, named Trumpeter, which has won every battle he ever fought; but a short time since he had the misfortune to break his leg in a rat-trap. Nicholas Cannon, who was uncommonly attached to this feathered hero, determined, if possible, to save his life; and, striking off the broken part of the limb, gathered up the fibres of the leg, and placed his favourite securely in a sling; where, after having attended and

and fed him for five weeks, he took off the bandage, and found the wound cicatrised. He next set about making an artificial foot; and, being an ingenious fellow, soon fashioned a wooden leg and foot, armed with a spur, and affixed it to the stump of the amputated limb; upon which the cock now actually struts among his barn-door wives, at Canterbury, a terror to all his feathered rivals.

THE qualifications for sporting, it is said, are to be considerably altered this Session of Parliament. In future, L.300 a year, instead of L.100, freehold estate, will be required; in leaseholds, &c. in proportion; and the penalty for killing game by unqualified persons will be L.10, instead of L.5. Three hundred pounds a year is not more, in proportion to the times, than one hundred pounds was in the reign of King Charles II. when the last alteration took place.

THE following is the way-bill, of the *in* and *outside passengers* of one of the Norwich coaches which arrived on Saturday evening, before Christmas day, at the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-Lane—Hares, 154; Pheasants, 163; Partridges, 189; Woodcocks, 34; Snipes, 149; Wild Fowl, 72; Turkies, 72; Chines, 57; Chains of Sausages, 65; ditto, Black Puddings 43; and Sides of Pork, 18.

A SPORTING gentleman, of Yorkshire, won a considerable bet lately, on the extreme extent to which a pound of cotton could be drawn in a thread, by one of the Manchester Spinning Jennies: the loser betted, that it would not reach two miles in length; but, upon admeasurement, it was found to exceed twenty-three.

MR. PEACOCK, of Hockley, has at this time in his possession a turkey hen, under two years old, which has this last season laid more than one hundred eggs; hatched ninety, greatest part cock turkies; and brought to real perfection seventy-five. By the produce of the seventy-five turkies, it is estimated the proprietor will gain more than twenty pounds.

THE following singular circumstance occurred in the garden of Mr. Markwick, of Fittleworth, Sussex,—A hawk pounced on a chicken, about half-grown, and, whilst incumbered with his prey, was perceived by the parent cock, who immediately made at the intruder, and, by one blow, laid him at his feet. The chick was by this time disengaged; and a battle between the hawk and the cock ensued, which ended, after three rounds, in favour of chanticleer; from whose feet Mr. Markwick—who, with two other persons, had witnessed the conflict—took the petty tyrant of the air, with very few remaining symptoms of life, which he presently resigned in his hands.

RARA AVIS.—One night, towards the end of this month, a milk-white sparrow was taken in a net, by a farmer at East Grinstead, who has encaged the little captive as a great curiosity.

ABOUT a year since, a Mr. Law, of Sheffield, had a hen perfectly black, which has since changed her colour and her plumage, and become perfectly white.

WEDNESDAY morning, the 25th instant, the landlord of the Wheatsheaf public house, South Lambeth, being out shooting, near Lord Gwidir's seat at Norwood, found a pheasant's nest with a number of eggs. This circumstance is the more extraordinary, as this species of bird seldom lays its eggs before the middle of June.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HAWKING, A BALLAD.

Made at Falconers' Hall, Yorkshire.

COME, sportsmen, away—the morning how fair!
To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair:
Bold Thunder* and Lightning* are made for the game,
And Death* and the Devil* are both just the same.

See, Backers ‡, a Kite—a mere speck in the sky—
Zounds! out with the owl—lo! he catches his eye—
Down he comes with a sweep—be unhooded each hawk;
Very soon will they both to the gentleman talk.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'r him again:
Ah!—that was a stroke—see! he drops to the plain—
They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,
He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a Magpie! let fly—how he flutters and shambles,
How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the brambles—
Out again—overtaken—his spirits now flag—
Flip! he gives up the ghost—good night, Mister Mag.

Lo, a Heron! let loose—how he pokes his long neck,
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his beak!
'Egad, he shifts well—now he feels a death-wound,
And with Thunder and Lightning rolls tumbling to ground.

Thus we Falconers sport—now homewards we stray,
To fight o'er the bottle the wars of the day:
And in honour, at night, of the chase and its charms,
Sink sweetly to rest, with a Dove in our arms.

EXTEMPORE,

On reading that W. Hill had been executed at Nottingham, for violating the person of Sarah Justice.

THOUGH you trifle with Patience, Grace, Margery, or Joan,
Pray be warn'd by my fate, and let Justice alone.
Her vengeance, or sooner, or later each feels,
Her hands are of iron, though leaden her heels.

* Names of Hawks.

‡ The head Falconer.

DREADFUL

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

LEMONA was daughter of Hudda
the brave,
Whose throne was exalted on high;
His treasures and jewels were hid in a
cave,
His nobles were haughty, but each as a
slave
Obey'd the least dart of his eye.

Lemona was tall, and Lemona was fair,
Her ringlets hung over her shoulder,
Like the silver-wing'd dove was the
smooth of her hair,
Her ancles were taper, her bosom was
bare;
Oh! she made the heart throb to behold
her.

Lemona had huntsmen and hounds in her
train,
And of silver-shod horses a score;
Her palfrey was grey, and of silk was his
rein,
He champ'd his gold bit, as he pranc'd
on the plain,
And seem'd proud of the burden he
bore.

Oh Lemona was happy! for Bruno, the
son
Of a rich and a mighty great Earl,
Had sigh'd, and had knelt; and her heart
he had won,
As she sat on her seat by the rivers that
run
Through bridges of mother of pearl.

Quick throbbings, quick throbbings
swell'd thick in her breast,
Her consent was express'd in a falter;
The priests were all ready in surplices
dress'd;
Young Bruno most chearly the damsel
caress'd,
As they walk'd up the aisle to the
altar.

The palace was fill'd, and the chandeliers
shone,
The ivory tables were spread,
The bride and the bridegroom were
plac'd on a throne,
Which entirely was form'd of a large
onyx stone,
With a canopy over their head.

How the laugh shakes the hall, and the
ruddy wine flows;
Who, who is so merry and gay?
Lemona is happy; for little she knows
Of the monster so grim, that lays hush'd
in repose,
Expecting his evening prey.

While the music play'd sweet, and with
tripping so light,
Bruno danc'd thro' the maze of the
ball,
Lemona retir'd, and her maidens in
white
Led her up to her chamber, and wish'd
her good night,
Then went down again to the hall.

The monster of blood now extended his
claws,
And from under the bed did he creep;
With blood all besmear'd, he now
stretch'd out his paws,
With blood all besmear'd he now
open'd his jaws,
To feed on the angel asleep.

He seiz'd on a vein, and he gave such a
bite,
And he gave with his fangs such a
tug;
She shriek'd—Bruno ran up the stairs in
a fright;
The guests follow'd after—when brought
to the light,
Lord ha' mercy, they cried—what a
BUG!

GAMESTER'S RECANTATION.

A Parody from Macbeth, Act V. Scene 4.

THE rage for gaming now I quite detest;
Tho' time has been my appetite would rise
At sound of dice-box or at sight of cards;
And often at the club, where gamesters met,
While at each sitting thousands won or lost,
For sake of gain I've gambled all night,
And oath's and curses, dire to sober ears,
To me familiar were, and void of blame!

J. J. B.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO

CINDERELLA.

WHEN the young eagle on adven-
t'rous wings
To giddy heights in airy regions springs,
He views with dauntless gaze, and eye
serene,
The motley forms that crowd the gro-
v'ling scene,
Pursues, while earth beneath expanded
lies,
His bold ascension to the loftiest skies.
Not so the bard, whom wayward powers
decree,
This night, to fix Cinderella's destiny;
He, hapless man, must fiery ordeals
prove,
And gain by cautious steps your fost'ring
love.
Once more Thalia's magic smile revives
The cheering fables of our infant lives;
Oh! give kind welcome to the fairy
band,
The mystic matron, and the wizard
wand,
The gaudy equipage, and shoes of glass,
E'en fiction's self in wonder shall sur-
pass:
Here let Queen Mab your grateful hearts
engage,
And unseen Ariels wander o'er the stage.
Behold by Chapron's baneful ties ac-
curst,
Our belles for Oberon and Titania
thirst;
Or, when Mama's relentless hand re-
strains
The pulse that riot's in Lucinda's veins,
Should soften'd harps and jocund tabors
call
Their flutt'ring votary to the festive
ball,
Will importune her god-dame's sage ad-
vice,
The pumpkin chariot and transmuted
mice.
The love-sick swain, who seven long
moons has sigh'd,
Rav'd, wept, and swore, despair'd, and
almost died,
Shall seek in vain his amorous sorrow's
end,
Till elfish sylphids to his suit attend.
With beef and pudding, punch, and
home-brew'd ale,
The patriot tribes electors' votes as-
sail,
These slyly simp'ring plumpers' names
enroll,
And swell with eager haste the dubious
poll;
Well might they treats and toilsome can-
vas shun,
Could a brib'd fairy to their cause be
won;
When steep'd in wine old Toby's eye-
balls swim,
What ruddy transports grace the spark-
ling brim;
Succeeding bumpers raise a new de-
light,
And Robin dances to his ravish'd sight.
Philario restless, till the stars can
boast,
The plund'ring reign of Pharaoh and his
host;
Tho' ruin stalk before his face again,
He braves the dangers of th' alluring
main;
Implores the false divinity of luck,
And offers incense at the shrine of
Puck.
The maiden youth, whom Gowland's skil-
ful aid,
In female charms, and virgin mien ar-
ray'd,
Should his glad birth propitious Fayes
await,
Must press their godheads for Narcissus'
fate.
He then might courtship's hallow'd rites
enjoy,
And woo a mistress that would never
cloy.
May our blest Genius, rising from the
surge,
Her favour'd sons to deeds of glory
urge;
While hostile fleets these happy coasts
invade,
And Corsic tyrants point th' ensanguin'd
blade,
Britannia, scorning her deluded foe,
Directs, with nervous arm, the fatal
blow;
And prostrate Gallia, trembling at her
feet,
Shall curse the dæmons that her fall
complete.

W,
A WEST

A WEST COUNTRY FESTIVAL.

In Christmas Holidays, 1804.

WELCOME Zeb, and cousin Kate;
I'm mortal glad you've come, faith!
For we're agoing to celebrate
A jolly Christmas drum, faith!

Ah, Nan! thou art a bucksome puss,
And that, anon, I'll prove thee;
Hauld up thy beak, and gi' us a buss—
Odsniggers! I do love thee.

Here, Mistress! they be cold, mayhap;
Thy cordial bottle hand out:—
Wauns! don't be squeamish—take a drap—
'Tis good to keep the wind out.

Here's Aunt and Suke, and Jenny Stokes,
And Hodge and Clump, so funny;
So we shall crack some merry jokes,
For Aunt's a little dunny.

Here's volunteering Giles, and Ned,
And Ralph—they sarves the King, faith!
Wi' powder'd knobs, and jackets red,
They looks like any thing, faith!

Mam' has on her damask gown,
And Dad his velvet breeches;
And Bet from London's just come down,
And 'bout the fashions preaches.

Mother 'as scragg'd some cocks and hens;
The ham, 't 'as had a soaker;
A huge goose-pye old Gran'am sends,
And Dad has kill'd a porker.

Curtis cooks the victuals yon,
And sweats like any bull, faith!
And at her noggin now and ton,
She takes a hearty pull, faith!

We 've plenty of the rarest cheer;
We've zider, mead, and brandy;
Besides, we've tapp'd the best key beer;—
We 've pipes and 'baco handy.

Dad shall in elbow chair be set,
And us upon the bench here;
And Aunt shall have a pewter plate,
Because she hates a trencher.

Oh, the fowls, the ducks, the porklin,
The cabbages and mustard!
Lauk o' mercy! how we'll tuck in
Pudding, pye, and custard!

Now, a'ter taking such a cram,
'Tis fit—or I'm mistaken—
To hand us round a little dram—
And keep our guts from aching.

Come Dad! thee'll give a toast, I know;—
A toast that none surpasses—
"God bless the King, and speed the Plough!"
That's hearty!—fill your glasses.

Now silence, Bet! let's have a song!—
Good singers we can crow of—
Zwouns! Rachael! ca'st'nt hold thy tongue,
When Ned's a-going to throw off!

Or wouns! let's have a dance; there's Joe
The fiddle neatly handles.
Dad! thee 'ast got a gouty toe,
So thee can'st snuff the candles.

And whilst we thus the hours beguile,
In harmless recreation,
Smile, propitious Fortune! smile,
On this free, happy nation!

T. R.

Given to a Young Lady, on her soliciting the Author to make known to her his waking Wish on New Year's Morning.

I WISH'D that two vowels were join'd
In wedlock, so holy and true;
I could not but think in my mind
That the vowels must be *I* and *U*.

I turn'd it again in my thoughts,
And turn'd myself round with a sigh;
Nought else could I make of the two,
For, inverted, they came *U* and *I*.